# HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893.

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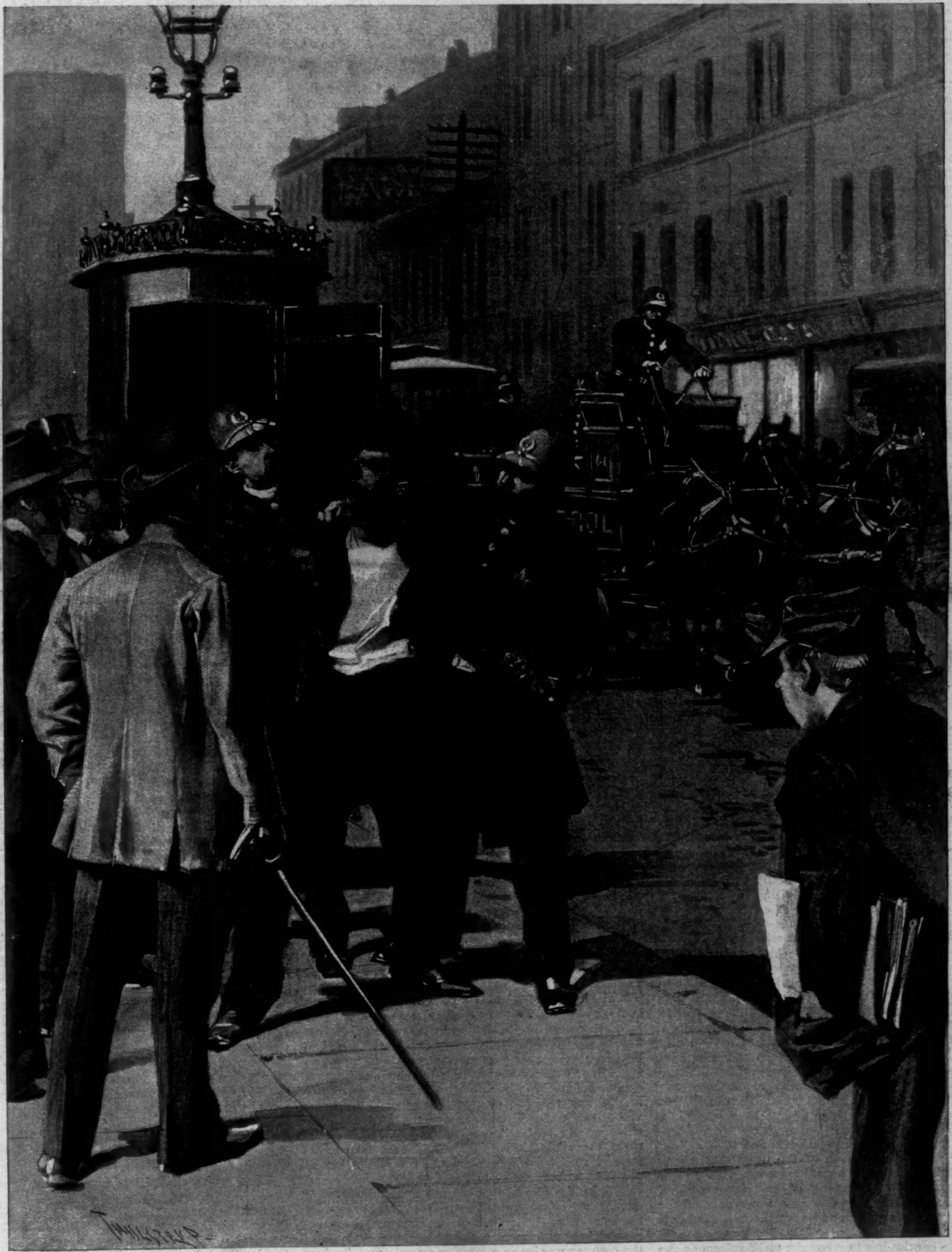

A PATROL-BOX ARREST IN CHICAGO.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 786.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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## PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ON THE MONEY QUESTION.

THE country owes its gratitude to President CLEVELAND for the message with which he opened the extra session of Congress. In view of the circumstances under which it was issued, we consider it one of the most perfect state papers read by this generation. That Mr. CLEVELAND would urge the immediate and unconditional repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act was generally expected. But he has never written or said anything that equals this message in simplicity and clearness of statement, in logical strength of reasoning, and in force of appeal. It exhausts the subject; and although the debates following it may elaborate some of its propositions, nothing can be said surpassing it in power. It proves to the country that, as far as the Executive is concerned, the financial policy of the government is in perfectly safe hands; for the President shows not merely that he has a general idea of what is to be done, but also that the reasons why it should be done are perfectly clear to his mind and deeply grounded in his convictions. It is a great comfort and pleasure to be able to say this with such unqualified assurance.

His view of the origin of our present business troubles is the view of common-sense. He shows conclusively that for several years under the operation of the existing law we have been buying silver for gold at the rate of fifty millions a year; that we have been throwing away in enormous amounts the money of the commercial world and our money of redemption for the purpose of storing up vast accumulations of a metal which the commercial world has rejected as a money metal, and which for purposes of redemption we cannot use. Thus public confidence in our monetary system was methodically undermined and disaster invited. Nothing can be more crushing than his simple array of facts and figures in exposing the suicidal madness of such a policy. He makes it evident to the dullest understanding that with such a policy it will be utterly impossible to keep the two metals on a parity with each other, that we shall irresistibly drift into silver monometallism, and that "given over to exclusive use of a currency greatly depreciated, according to the standard of the commercial world, we could no longer claim a place among nations of the first class, nor could our government claim a performance of its obligation, so far as such an obligation has been imposed upon it, to provide for the use of the people the best and safest money."

Not the least valuable part of the message is that in which he brings a few weighty sentences down upon the heads of those who entertain the silly notion that we are a universe to ourselves; that we "need not care for abroad"; that the economic laws which govern the business concerns of the world outside stop at the boundaries of the United States; and that we can flout them with impunity. The conduct of our financial policy, and, through it, the welfare of the people, have suffered so much from this sort of childish superciliousness in high places that the terrible object-lesson we have now before us, of general business paralysis, of untold thousands of working-men deprived of their daily bread, and all this in consequence of the controlling influence of a lot of financial quacks in Congress, cannot be pointed out too strongly.

No class of our population can read the President's message with more profit than the laboring-people. It will strike them very forcibly when they see it so plainly put that the wage-earner has to rely for employment upon "the ventures of confident and contented capital"; that in times of disturbance and uncertainty the capitalist may protect himself by hoarding his means for profitable use when opportunity offers, but that the wage-earner, as the President most felicitously expresses it, "cannot hoard his labor" without starving; that the capitalist "may even find profit in the fluctuation of values," but that the laboring-man, "the first to be injured by a depreciated currency and the last to receive the benefit of its correction, is practically defenceless." It is a very encouraging sign of the times that one at least of the great labor organizations of the country has closed its ears to the songs of the "cheap-money" dervishes, and strongly demands the repeal of the SHERMAN act on the ground that the best money is the only safe money for the laboring-man.

While continuing to recognize tariff reform as one of the urgent problems of the times, President CLEVELAND does not press it for consideration and action at this special session of Congress. This is eminently wise and proper. The small politicians of the Republican party and their newspaper organs will probably jeer at it as a cowardly surrender of the Democratic platform by the Democratic administration; but no fair-minded man will fail to admit that the monetary question is at present the first one to be disposed of, and that it would be dangerous to permit it to be mixed up with any other. If the two were considered alongside of one another, shrewd protectionists might use the opportunity of trading votes for sound money for concessions on the tariff; but when prompt and decisive action is required no opportunity should be furnished for log-rolling bargains.

President CLEVELAND aptly says that the question presented to this special session "rises above the plane of party politics." This is patriotic sentiment, never more in place than now. But the Democratic party, controlling both Houses of Congress, should not forget what it has at stake. Within the last half-century that party has never had the benefit of a leadership that was wiser, more patriotic, and more trusted by the American people than it has now in the person of President CLEVELAND. At a moment of great public distress he urges a measure of relief which is recognized as absolutely necessary by the best thought of the country. It is the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase law. With words of profound conviction he urges its immediate adoption, and the voice of millions of people in dire trouble re-enforces his appeal. If the Democrats in Congress, or enough of them to prevent the enactment of the measure demanded, now repudiate that leadership and give themselves up to the counsels of small demagogues or of selfish interests, they will deal the prospects of their party a blow from which they will not recover in a great many years to come. The American people would be slow to trust again a party which at a moment of great public peril failed either in wisdom or in fidelity. The Democrats in Congress have every reason gravely to consider that their party stands face to face with a decisive crisis of its fortunes.

## PROSPECTS.

ONE of the most cheering signs as to the financial condition of the country at large is to be found in the recent statement put forth by Mr. ECKELS, Comptroller of the Currency, concerning the condition of the national banks. Our national banking system has borne such a reputation as to safety that when 200 national banks were said to have collapsed, it looked as if no financial institution would any longer be worthy of trust. Now the Comptroller of the Currency has assured us that not only the number but also the character of the national bank failures have been grossly exaggerated; that of the nearly 3900 national banks in the country, not 200, but only 105 have suspended; that a considerable majority of them have either already resumed payments or applied for permission to resume; that only 33 of them are actually in the hands of receivers; and that most of those still in the hands of the bank-examiners will reopen. Considering, in addition to this, the fact that most of the suspended banks were small institutions situated in those parts of the country which are most affected by the silver craze, and were exposed to unreasoning excitements of a very extraordinary nature, it must be admitted that our banking institutions have, on the whole, endured the shock of a great crisis with remarkable firmness, and the tested and proved solidity of the banks should inspire increased confidence to the whole business community.

This confidence should be further strengthened by the discovery that the excess of our imports over our exports during the last fiscal year, which appeared enormous and might in itself have caused serious uneasiness, had been greatly overstated in the statistical reports of the government, and that the international balance-sheet stands very much better for us than had been believed. The gradual reflux of gold from Europe towards this country, which has unmistakably set in, and which, although subject to interruptions and fluctuations, is likely to continue as the natural outcome of the business situation, may be taken as bearing testimony to the same effect. Of the causes which are ordinarily considered as apt to bring on crises, such as over-speculation, an over-straining of credit, the sinking of large amounts of capital in enterprises which can bring no speedy return, the destruction of capital in great quantity by wars, fires, or floods, enormous waste by general extravagance, and the like—of these causes, or of any of them, there has been so little, and that little so restricted to limited localities, that the stringency at present prevailing may in greatest part safely be ascribed to the disturbance of popular confidence in our monetary system. The number, and still more the character, of the business failures that have occurred indicate that, on the whole, the business of the country was by no means on an unsound footing, and that, had only our monetary system been generally recognized as safe, there would have been no disastrous perturbation of very wide extent or of long continuance.

It must be admitted, however, that the lack of confidence in our monetary system has spread to almost everything else, and has thus created a business situation which is extremely serious. We are informed by a prominent banking-house in this city, which has much to do with small merchants and tradesmen, that a very large proportion of the payments and deposits which they formerly made in the shape of checks, are now made in currency. This indicates that a great many of these small business men have taken their deposits away from the banks, locked up their money in their safes, and thus withdrawn it from the uses of circulation. In other words, the hoarding of money is going on to a very large extent, not merely by speculators who may want to squeeze the market, but by a large part of the business community, which thus co-operates in bringing on dangerous embarrassments which it would be glad to avoid. The greatest peril would be easily averted if those who have something to lose were not so afraid of it. But the present condition of distrust, and the consequent withdrawal by business men and capitalists of money from active circulation, cannot continue very much longer without seriously aggravating that peril. If it does so continue more business houses that are really solvent may be doomed to failure in consequence of temporary stress, and more employers of labor will have to turn their working-men into the street because they cannot find the money with which to pay them. It is therefore necessary not only that the remedy for allaying the existing distrust be found, but that it be applied in the promptest manner.

What that remedy is follows from the nature of the disease to be cured. If our ailment consists mainly in a lack of confidence in our monetary system, the first thing to be done is to make that monetary system sound. Those who find themselves in greatest trouble are the debtors and persons who in order to carry on their business are obliged to borrow money. What they need is that those who have money to lend be inspired with confidence in the value of the money we have, and not that the money in which they have no confidence be increased in quantity, and thereby still more unsettled in value. As soon as the lender of money is made firmly to believe that our legal-tender dollar of whatever description means, and will surely continue to mean, a gold dollar, the first step towards the revival of confidence will have been taken. This will be accomplished by the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act pure and simple. We do not mean to say that this simple repeal will exhaust all the possibilities of salutary financial legislation. But it will proclaim to the world that the government of the United States—the legislative as well as the executive branch—is determined to uphold the value of its legal-tender dollar to the gold level, and that, the principal danger threatening that policy having been removed by this repeal, it will also *be able* to do so. Nor do we mean to say that this simple repeal will instantly restore the country to a condition of general prosperity. But we confidently believe it will turn the tide, relieve the business community of the dark apprehension of something worse to come, inspire new hope, and initiate a perhaps slow and gradual but steady progress from the new starting-point.

We cannot insist too strongly that this measure of sanitation, to prevent further disaster, should come promptly. The legislators of the country in Congress assembled will take an awful responsibility upon themselves by every hour of unnecessary delay. They profess to have the interests of those who owe money, whom they call the "debtor class," especially at heart. He who stands in the way of immediate action is the worst enemy of the debtor and of the man obliged to borrow money. Every day lost will be fruitful of business embarrassments and failures, and increase the number of laborers out of employment. The member of Congress who wishes to deserve the name of a friend of the suffering people will see to it that no time be squandered with the consideration of so-called substitutes for the SHERMAN act, that the matter be not permitted to be dawdled with in committee, and that the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause pure and simple, without condition or appendage, be voted upon and passed at the earliest practicable moment. This great measure of relief enacted, other desirable measures of financial policy may be matured at leisure.

## THE FACILITATION OF LEGISLATIVE BUSINESS.

WHAT rules shall be adopted by the House is a question of more than usual importance at this session of Congress. The objections to the adoption of clôture in the Senate are not wholly applicable when the House is considered. The Senate has not lost the habit of debate; the House has, or nearly has. The Senate has been little given to filibustering; consideration of the pending measure by the House has come to mean the obstruction of it. When the minority talks about its rights and complains that the majority is oppressive, the right taken away or threatened is too often the right to prevent the House from coming to a decision. The most vociferous defenders of the privilege of debate are men who seldom speak to the question, but whose part in the then misnamed parliamentary proceedings is confined to demanding the yeas and nays on motions to adjourn, to adjourn to a day certain, to take a recess, and to do other things which they know that the House is in no mood to do and ought not to do. The ordinary filibuster is a man who is unwilling to abide by the decision of the majority, and he is therefore a strange product of a race that for ages has settled its political questions in this way, and is generally noted for its love of fair play.

Filibustering, like many other evils, had an excellent origin. It was really resorted to for the purpose of compelling the majority to permit debate and amendment. It was revolutionary, but it was right. It is now very often rebellion, for it is wrong. In its inception it was the defence of a small minority against the political aggressions of a large majority. It was not until recently that obstruction has been employed for the purpose of preventing a decision of the House in questions of business on which parties divided. But for several years members have been in the habit of preventing the carrying of finance measures, of bills affecting land grants, and even of such measures as the international copyright and bankruptcy bills, by opposing such obstacles to the orderly course of legislative business that the House could not come to a vote.

There is a real evil that Speaker REED undertook to cure by the rules which bear his name. The trouble with his code was that it went too far in the other direction. It is the essence of our parliamentary system that the legislative body should be deliberative. If it does not deliberate and debate it ought to be reformed. The arbitrary decision of four hundred men is not greatly preferable to the arbitrary decision of one man. Before Mr. REED'S rules were adopted the filibusters had put an end to deliberation by preventing its legitimate conclusion—decision. Mr. REED'S rules, as he himself boasted, also put an end to deliberation, by compelling decision without debate or amendment. They placed the Speaker in control of the business of the House, made him its arbiter, and bestowed upon him the power to declare that motions were dilatory, and therefore to rule them out of order, and to refuse to put them to a vote. The rights of amendment and debate were limited. The rules worked as was intended for a short time, but finally there was a protest. Both sides of the House resented the deprivation of their power; new methods of obstruction were invented; or, rather, old ones were revived. The House broke away from the Speaker's control, and during the last days of that famous Congress it was almost impossible to transact any business.

All this had been predicted by Mr. CARLISLE in the early days of the Congress; for he was then a member of the House and of the committee on rules. He urged Mr. REED not to assume a power which should rest with the majority of the House alone. He outlined a system of amendments which would doubtless be the rules to-day if Mr. REED and his party friends had adopted them. Mr. CARLISLE, quite as fully as Mr. REED, recognized the evil which filibustering had grown to be. It had developed greatly in the Fiftieth Congress under his own Speakership. All thoughtful members of the House recognized that something should be done to facilitate business, to deprive the selfish and frivolous of the power to prevent the House from doing the tasks with which the country had charged it.

It is as necessary now as it was four years ago to give the majority proper power over the business of the House, and to make it impossible for a mere handful of members or for one member to stop the progress of legislation. But this end may and should be effected without depriving the House of the right and power of debate. On the contrary, debate should be encouraged; and if the House could once more become a deliberative body it would be greatly to the advantage of the country, for it would mean saner and more carefully prepared statutes. There is a disposition, it is understood, among the responsible men in Washington, the men on whose action depends the future of the Democratic party, to carefully revise the rules of the House for the purpose of formulating a system that will properly facilitate business, while at the same time making provision for reasonable amendment and debate. This can be done. The rules that Mr. CARLISLE outlined during the committee discussions of the subject at the beginning of the Fiftieth Congress would have accomplished this end. The rules may determine definitely, for example, what may be done after the demand of the previous question, what motions may be made, and the number of days within which debate shall continue under the order of the House. They may provide that when the time fixed by the House shall expire, then the vote on the bill must be taken; that this rule shall not be suspended except under certain specified circumstances or by a two-thirds vote, notice of a motion to suspend being given in advance. The time for a vote may be as definitely fixed as the time for the expiration of the Congress, and the rule may be so fortified that its repeal or suspension will be almost impossible. A clôture rule to be enforced under extraordinary circumstances and by some action of the House, as by petition, might also be adopted. The remedy for the acknowledged evil is at hand. Its details may be left to the parliamentarians of the House. The right to debate may not only be preserved, it may be stimulated.

The Speaker and the Democratic members of the House have, fortunately for the country, recognized the necessity of preventing obstruction, while the agreement between the silver and anti-silver men shows the possibility of composing rules that will facilitate business.

## THE MAN WHO SWIMS.

ALL boys swim—at least all boys in this enlightened age presumably swim. If they do not, they are laying up a store of discomfort, of misery, of wretched moments of jealousy, that now afflict many of their elders. The boys of this time know more than their ancestors did at their age, and among their other items of knowledge is that of natation, as was illustrated recently when his little nephews saved an uncle whose early education had been neglected.

Men who grow up without learning to swim are very likely to remain without the delightful accomplishment for the rest of their days. Perfection in the art requires that it shall be learned in the callow days of infancy, when infancy gives courage, and unconsciousness of danger leads to recklessness. It is only thus that the swimmer comes to entertain that spaniel-like confidence in the water without which he has no pleasure, and with which he enjoys himself so completely that his summer is quite a different one from his who watches him disport himself.

There are grown-up men who do not know the splendid delights of a plunge into the cold water, fresh or salt, salt being preferable. There are men who go yachting, rowing, canoeing, who cannot swim a stroke. No healthy boy should be brought up in such a shameful state of ignorance; and if a father is afraid of cramps or vertigo or other imaginary ills, he had nevertheless better suffer in silence, and permit his boy to learn to swim.

How different are the warm and pleasant months of summer to one who has learned to take care of himself in his other native element than they are to one who has not! Nature has provided him with oceans, rivers, estuaries, shaded pools, and calm deep lakes in which he may escape from the heat and dust of the parching earth. He does not suffer, at least not all the time, from flies, mosquitoes, sun, and other discomforting things. He takes a header, and for a brief hour, at all events, the summer is an ecstasy and a joy unspeakable. While his comrade who sits on the bank is sweltering in a wilted collar, and brushing away the gnats that worry him, there is nothing but happiness in the heart of the cool swimmer, and a splendid sense of power in his lusty muscles. And when the too brief vacation is finished, one has felt the infinite delights of the country, and the other recollects only her stings; one returns to the bath-tub with a sigh, and the other with a great longing.

## EXCURSIONS AND HOT WEATHER.

THE hot days that come to this city are comparatively few, but they are very severe. Hot weather differs essentially from cold in more than one way, and especially in its being unescapable. One cannot sit in a refrigerator without catching pneumonia, and if it were actually possible to resort to a cooler for comfort, ice is too expensive to be used in this wholesale fashion by any but the very rich.

The best thing to do, of course, in hot weather is to leave the city and go into the country, where the air, though hot, is at least fresh, and where there is more than an even chance for cool nights. Even if this escape is only for a day, it is better to take a short sniff of good air and an hour or so of real comfort than to live immured in brick and mortar through all the hot twenty-four hours. This is especially true of those who have ailing children, and who are able to give them real country air for a few brief hours, with a reasonable regard to their comfort *in transitu*.

But there is one class of our city's population who are to be warned against a pernicious habit in which they indulge whenever the weather is especially hot. To those who are seeking comfort, we would say that their rooms or apartments or houses in the city are much more comfortable than a crowded excursion boat.

There is no sense displayed in going down the bay or up the Sound or the river in the character of a sardine. Humans packed like sardines are warm in the coldest weather, and on a hot day in summer each atom that composes the mass crowded together on the upper or nether deck of an excursion boat is simply suffering torments.

It is of great value to a man on a hot day that he is possessed of ordinary common-sense, for if he is he will not sit on a camp-stool in the midst of a sweltering crowd that keeps from him even the miserable pretence of a breeze that the boat makes by its motion to spend an hour on hot sands or under stifling branches, and to return at night in a similar state of swelter to hot streets, discontented, miserable, angry with himself, and disgusted with an outing from which he expected rest and refreshment.

The ordinary citizen has just so many days and just so much money for excursions into the country. Such being the case, he should economize his resources and make the most of them. Instead of wearing himself out by a trip on an intensely hot day where he is crowded out of comfort by his numerous fellows who are like-minded, he should spend such days in as restful ease as his business will permit. He should steal slowly to and from his office through shady streets or ride in open cars. He should pass the evening in the dark in slippered and coatless ease. He should save his excursions for cool and pleasant days, when a trip into the country will truly refresh him, and when he will return to town with a pleasant memory of rural scenes lingering in his mind—memories that will tempt him to repeat his experience when the next cool day on which he may run away from toil comes round.

There are many charming excursions in the neighborhood of this beautiful city, but they should not be resorted to when the day is hot and the boats are crowded by those whose holidays are few and whose aim is comfort.

## NEW JOYS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

LET us talk of icebergs, glaciers, floes, packs, nips, Esquimaux, cold shoulder of whale, the aurora borealis. Let us contemplate zero from below, and explore the zenith for the North Star. No less a scientific authority than Colonel Sellers tells us that it is not so much heat as the appearance of heat which is wanted on a cold day. May not the converse be also true—may it not be the appearance of cold rather than cold which we need this sort of weather? But without stopping to demand artificial frost on the window-pane or ear-muffs on the street-car driver, we may at least keep up the appearance of cold in a conversational way, and talk of cold weather. Besides, there is an arctic subject demanding immediate attention regardless of the state of the weather here at hand.

We felt pretty certain when Mrs. PEARY went to the arctic regions with her husband that we should hear more of the practice. We set it down as one of those things which are bound to spread. It impressed us instantly as being something which would appeal to the sex—an idea they could not resist—and we marvelled that the notion had not taken hold of them before. And we were right. Mrs. NANSEN, wife of Dr. NANSEN, he of the rock-ribbed ship which is to be squeezed up out of the water and ride gayly across the north pole on the ice like a big wooden shoe, has also gone with her husband on the Northern trip, while Mrs. PEARY has gone for the second time. We feel that even this is only the beginning. All arctic explorers in the future will be accompanied by their wives. Naturally their lieutenants—the mates, surgeons, and so forth—will take *their* wives. Then the crew—it is settled that each member of the crew will take *his* wife. Wives imply family—children, perhaps sometimes grandchildren, servants, maiden aunts, younger brothers and sisters, the whole household—with a few guests, distant relatives, and similar social débris—all will go. Life for the arctic explorer of the near future will be endurable.

In fact, we are impressed with the idea that it was about time a little light dawned on the arctic explorer. The arctic explorer has borne his share of hardships. No one has ever attempted to make it pleasant for him. For years he has been buffeted about in a cheerless ship amid the awful cold of a— No! the awful cold was all right. The arctic explorer cannot come to us and get sympathy for having endured awful cold. We congratulate him on the awful cold; we long for his awful cold ourselves. But the ship *was* cheerless, and his privations many. But now it is to be all changed. Hereafter life on board the arctic exploring vessel is going to resemble that on the good ship *Mantelpiece* while commanded by that paragon of naval officers the late Captain Reece, R.N., as sung of by Professor GILBERT, author of the entertaining and scholarly history of the cruise of her Majesty's ship *Pinafore*. On the *Mantelpiece*, it will be remembered, "a feather bed had every man," with "on sultry days cream-ices handed round on trays." Nor was this all:

> "Then currant wine and ginger pops
> Stood handily on all the 'tops,'"

and often:

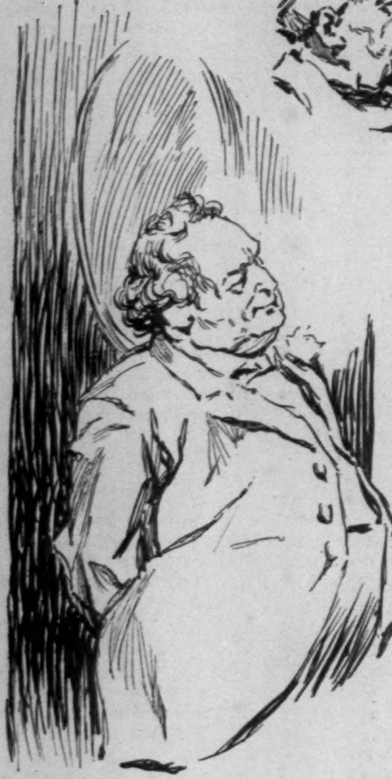
> "New volumes came across the sea
> From Mister Mudie's libraree;
> The *Times* and *Saturday Review*
> Beguiled the leisure of the crew."

But the crowning act of Captain Reece's career was when he married his entire stock of female relatives to his worthy crew at the suggestion of his coxswain, the modest William Lee. Said William to his captain, after running over the list of the latter's family, beginning with his daughter:

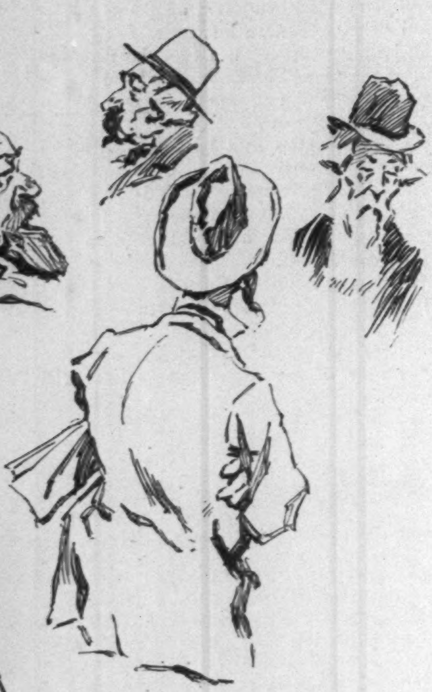
> "If you'd ameliorate our life,
> Let each select from them a wife;
> And as for nervous me, old pal,
> Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Which was done; but it appears that the good Captain Reece missed his vocation after all; he should have been an arctic explorer.

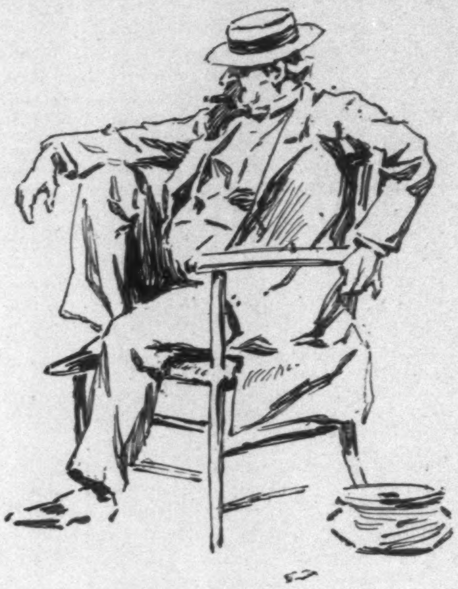
Seriously speaking, however, we congratulate the arctic explorer on the changed prospect before him. He has not had his portion of the good things of life in the past, and it is high time he began to come into some of them. To be sure, as we intimated, he has had the one greatest blessing of worldly existence, cool weather; but cool weather is not everything; what is even fifty degrees below zero without the "endearing elegance of female friendship"? But in the future there shall be balls and parties in the winter to help break up the ridiculously long night, and weddings in June, with a bear-skin shoe and a shower of pemmican thrown after the bride. The only danger we can foresee in it all is that with the new departure, together with the delightful climate of the arctic regions, so many will turn in and begin exploring that the business will be overdone, and the north pole will become as commonplace as Coney Island.



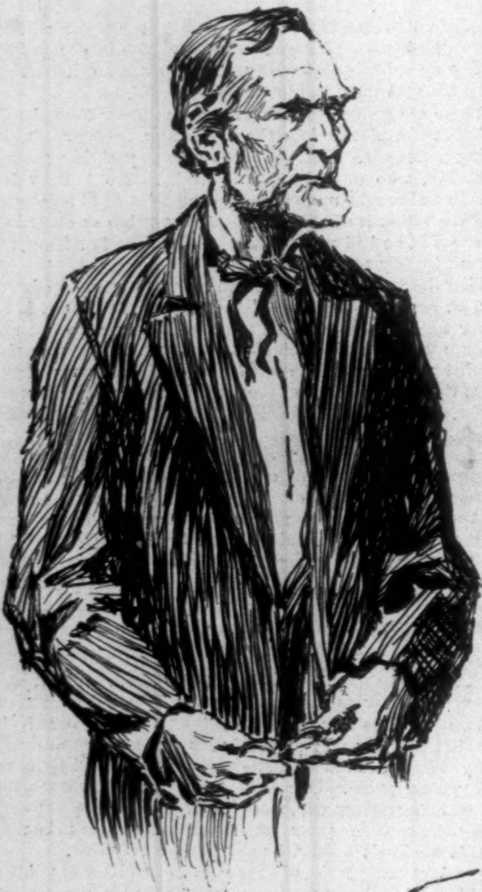
JUDGE FELLOWS LISTENS TO THE DEBATE.



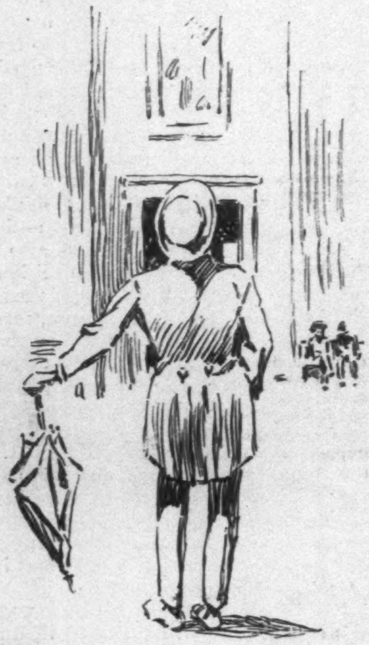
LOBBYISTS AND OFFICE-SEEKERS.



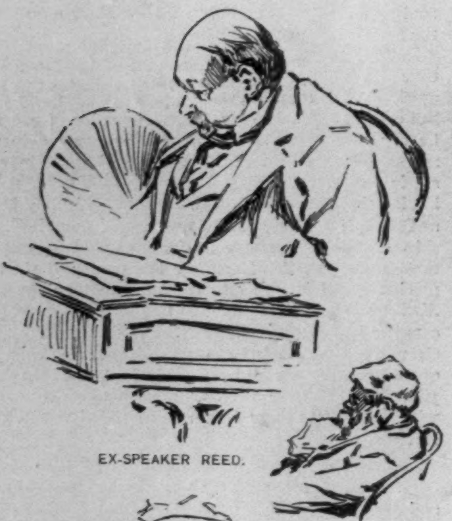
A FAVORITE ATTITUDE IN THE HOTEL CORRIDORS.



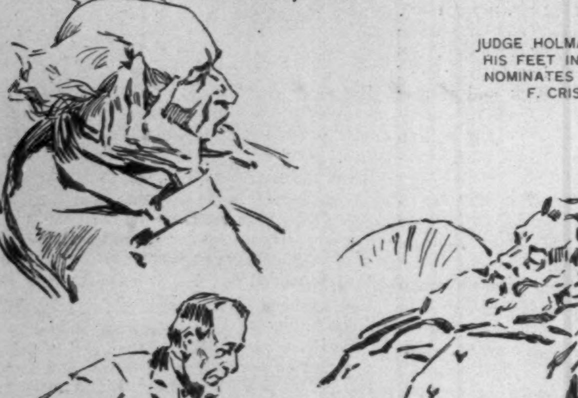
JUDGE HOLMAN, THE FIRST MAN ON HIS FEET IN THE EXTRA SESSION, NOMINATES BY MISTAKE "JAMES" F. CRISP FOR SPEAKER.



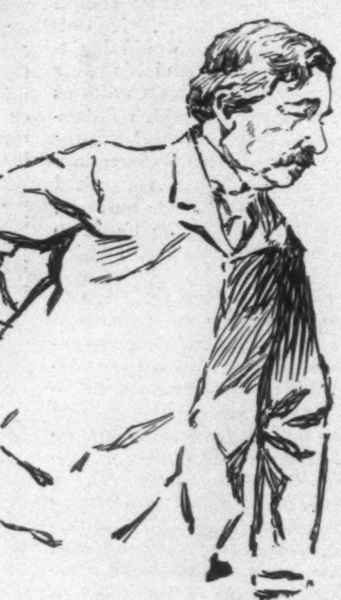
A NEW MEMBER'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CAPITOL.



EX-SPEAKER REED.



AS SEEN FROM THE PRESS GALLERY OF THE HOUSE.



ONE OF BOURKE COCKRAN'S POSES.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.—DRAWN BY H. M. WILDER.

Sketches from our Artist's Note-Book.

# THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE OF INDIA."

## Some of General Lew. Wallace's Reminiscences of War, Diplomacy, and Literature.

### I.

ON a hot afternoon—that is to say, an afternoon when it is hot in New York—there is no more delightful retreat within three hours' ride than the veranda of the Mizzentop Hotel, on Quaker Hill, in Dutchess County. "Mizzentop," let me hasten to say, by way of explaining what has puzzled many people, because a still higher point on the same ridge of hills had already, before the hotel was built, been occupied, and its title of Maintop "pre-empted" by Admiral Worden, whose retirement, so gallantly earned, has been gracefully spent there. "Foretop" is still available for another projector of cottages or hotels. From the veranda of the Mizzentop you look southwestward over a green bowl of eight or ten miles across, of which your own point of view is one of the highest points of the irregular rim. The green bowl is an undulating valley, with patches of dark woods and cultivated fields, almost all in grass for the maintenance of the herds of Holsteins and Alderneys that supply the great dairies of Dutchess. It is a goodly sight, this "sweet and cheerful country," as you see it from the veranda of the Mizzentop on a July afternoon when the fervency of the sun is tempered by a refreshing breeze, and your selfish contentment is enhanced by a good cigar and the thought how broiling hot it is in town. If, in addition to these sources of comfort, you are fortunate enough to have credentials from HARPER'S WEEKLY that induce so instructive and entertaining a companion as General Lew. Wallace to give you the story of a career that has been as diversified as it has been distinguished, there is nothing wanting to complete your felicity. For, indeed, there is no American career that is more remarkable and interesting. To have served in the Mexican war—though, to look at the General, you would say that that was quite out of the question; it is nevertheless a fact—to have been one of the most distinguished generals of the civil war, with whose military services those of few indeed of the survivors of the war can be put in competition; to have been intrusted with an important diplomatic mission, and to have taken it so much more seriously than the usual American amateur in diplomacy as to have won not merely the approbation of his own government, but the special and complete confidence of the sovereign to whom he was accredited—a confidence that has been shown since his mission was fulfilled even more strikingly than while it was in course of fulfilment; and finally to have become far away the most successful author of his time, a novelist for the equal of whose success we must go back to the days of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in default of any contemporary examples—to possess any one of these claims to distinction would suffice to make memorable an interview with the possessor, while the combination of them is absolutely unique in American history, if not in any history.

If I were to set down all that the General was good enough to tell me in answer to my questionings, HARPER'S WEEKLY, even with a supplement, would not contain the things that should be written. It is necessary to make a choice, and I shall do it, after summarizing—I am aware with a great loss of the raciness of the talk itself—the General's account of his boyhood, by making an excerpt, subject to the same deduction, from his reminiscences of each of his careers—the military, the diplomatic, and the literary.

### II.

"I was born at Brookville, Franklin County, Indiana, April 10, 1827, of a family that was originally, to my best information, settled in Virginia. At the time of the Revolution it comprised four brothers, of whom one died in the hulks—the British prison ships of New York harbor—two were killed in battle, and the fourth, my great-grandfather, settled after the war in Pennsylvania. My grandfather went to Cincinnati shortly after it had been founded, and established there the first newspaper of the place, the *Liberty Hall Gazette*, which afterwards became the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and is now the *Commercial Gazette*. My father had a boyish inclination for the military profession, and in order to gratify it my grandfather made application for an appointment to West Point, and invoked for it the powerful influence of General William Henry Harrison. The General had made a like application, as it turned out, on behalf of his own son from the same district, but on hearing my grandfather's statement, he withdrew his own application, leaving the field clear for my father. That was an obligation which, as you may suppose, neither my father nor his descendants were likely to forget. When General Harrison's grandson Benjamin established himself two generations afterwards as a lawyer in Indianapolis, the result of it was a warm friendship between us, especially between him and my elder brother, whom, when he became President, he appointed postmaster of Indianapolis.

"Well, my father in this way got his appointment as a cadet, went through his time with credit, and after his graduation served for some years at the academy as assistant professor of mathematics. The drawbacks of the army as a profession in time of peace had impressed themselves upon him, and he removed to Brookville, and there read law in the office of his father-in-law that was to be. After his admission to the bar he combined law and politics, was twice elected Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, and once Governor, and his election took the family to Indianapolis, where we have ever since been established, my own home at Crawfordsville being but two hours away.

"As for me, I cannot say I was a model boy. As a matter-of-fact, as I grew up and my love of adventure and of mischief asserted itself, I became a terror to the community, and my activity did not cease with the daylight.

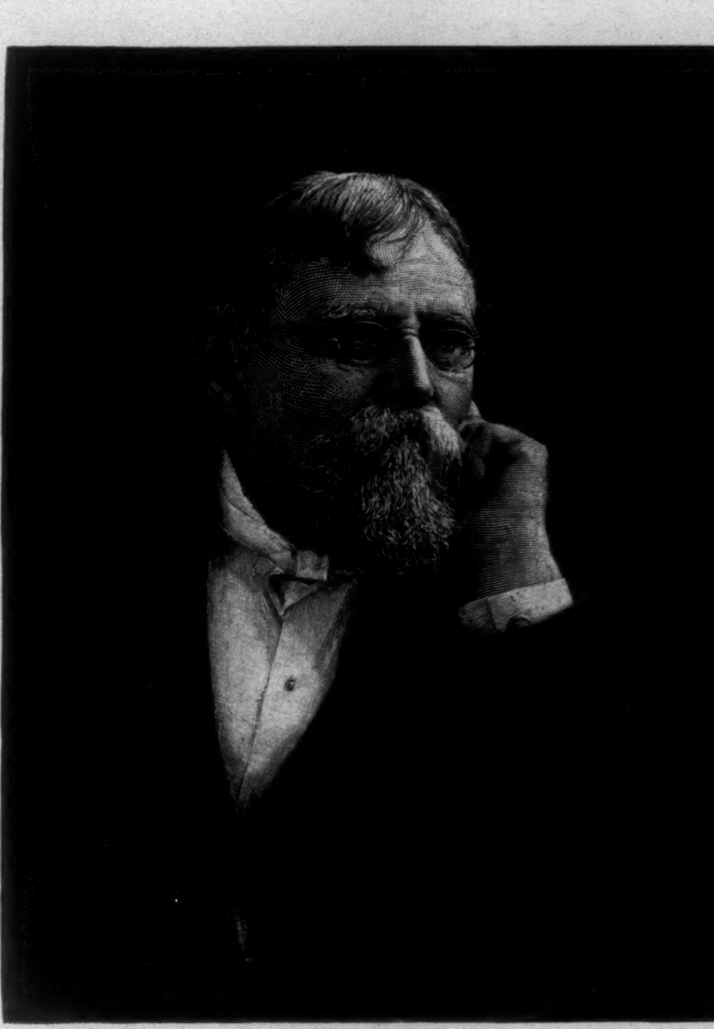
"Very fortunately for me I was a passionate reader, and my father had a good library, which I read with the eagerness of an omnivorous boy, though, of course, I had my favorites, of which a prime one was *Plutarch's Lives.* I skipped the parallels, I must own, but I lost none of the stories; and when I went away, as I often did for two or three weeks at a time, with a dog and a gun, on excursions, during which I lived with the farmers, who all knew me, a volume of Plutarch was apt to be my other companion. As you may imagine, this course of life was inconsistent with a regular education. At ten I made a scholastic experiment, but it was not successful. My elder brother was already entered at Wabash College, and it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to join him. So I joined him by running away; but the studies naturally demanded both more maturity of mind and previous preparation than an idle boy of ten could possess, and at the end of three months I terminated my academic career by running away again and resuming my nomadic life.

"Of course this could not last forever, loth as I might be to have it come to an end. When I was sixteen my father called a halt and a conference. He showed me the twelve years' school bills that he had paid for me, while I had not had a year's schooling in all, and said that he had done his duty in providing for me these advantages by which I had not profited, and that now it was time to make provision for myself. I recognized the justice of his position, but the outlook was not bright. My interests and my ambitions had been too various to admit of my mastering anything. I wanted, among other things, to be a soldier, a writer, and a painter, and I had made essays in these two latter directions. I had always been sketching, as well as scribbling, and perhaps I had a talent for art, though it was not a talent easy to cultivate in that time and place. After I had done what I could without instruction in black and white, I aspired to color, and confided my aspirations to the one professional artist that Indianapolis then possessed. His name was Cox. He gave me some pigments, but they were dry, and I must have oils. Luckily there was a person ill in our house, and the doctor had prescribed castor oil. I confiscated the medicine in the interest of art, and pursued my work. It was a portrait of Black Hawk, the Indian chief. He was a hideous old ruffian, with very strongly marked features and only one eye, so that it was difficult to make a portrait of him that would not be recognizable. When the abstraction of the oil was discovered and traced to me, in answer to my mother's inquiry what I had done with it I produced the work of art in which the medicine was incorporated, and she at least thought it a success.

"I had also completed a literary work. It was a novel—*The Man at Arms; a Tale of the Tenth Century*—and I should like to see it again. But I left it at home when I went to Mexico, and I have not been able to find it since.

"As there was no immediate career in Indiana, nor even an immediate livelihood for an artist or a novelist, and as my necessities were immediate, I cast about for a humbler and more gainful trade. In some way I had contrived to acquire a good handwriting, and I applied for work as a copyist to Robert Duncan, the clerk of the county. He at once turned me loose upon the records, with instructions to copy them at my convenience, and at what seemed to me the princely pay of ten cents a hundred words. With the first eleven dollars I bought a gun.

"Meanwhile I had become somewhat sobered with time, and though I had not relinquished the military ambition which there did not seem any way of gratifying, I read law with my father, and was in the way to establish myself as a practitioner when the news came of the outbreak of the Mexican war. I at once set to work to organize a company, succeeded within a short time, and the captaincy was offered to me in spite of my boyishness and inexperience. I declined in favor of "Colonel" Drake, whose claim to that rank I do not know—he was by occupation a hotel-keeper—and the first lieutenancy in favor of John McDougall, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of California, accepting for myself the second lieutenancy. We were ordered to the mouth of the Rio Grande. My superiors being wholly indifferent, the discipline of the company came entirely upon me. I maintained it, and became unpopular, accordingly, as every disciplinarian must become at the first with volunteers. We were engaged in a few skirmishes, but camp diseases were much more formidable to us than the enemy. Perhaps the most important result of my experience in Mexico was that it gave me the notion of writing *The Fair God*, or rather of giving it form, for I had begun the story at home when I was seventeen."



GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

### III.

"How did you come to join the Union army, General?"

"After the Mexican war I had resumed the practice of law, but my chief amusement had been a military company, which I organized and commanded, and which I used to say cost more than my family, for at that time Indiana had no militia. When the war broke out, I believe I may say mine was by all odds the best company in Indiana.

"During the winter of 1861 the situation grew more and more threatening, and finally, at a private meeting in Indianapolis, the leaders of the Democratic party held language which I regarded as treasonable. I called upon Governor Morton at once, and offered my services to him in any capacity in which they might be useful in the event of civil war. I had latterly opposed him, but I was with him then. The Governor's eyes filled as he thanked me. In April I was making a speech to a jury in the county above mine, when a telegram was handed to me from the Governor offering me the office of Adjutant-General of the State. I left my associate to finish my speech, and made my way to Indianapolis. The first call for troops had been made; the quota of Indiana was six regiments, and there was the most urgent need for prompt action. I accepted the place on condition that when the work of organization was done I should have command of a regiment in the field. This was on Tuesday. I asked for the office of the Adjutant-General—there was no office; for the records—there were no records; for the laws prescribing his powers and duties—there were no laws. Nevertheless, on Friday following the six regiments, and seventy companies over, were in camp. I led a regiment into separate barracks, and on Sunday had a battalion drill and a dress parade. I received a Colonel's commission and the command of the Eleventh Indiana.

"My regiment was ordered to Cumberland, Maryland, to keep open the line of the Baltimore and Ohio at that point, and then to Martinsburg to join General Cadwallader, whose orders were to prevent Joe Johnston from joining Beauregard. Cadwallader, however, allowed Johnston's army to pass him, with the result that we all know. I was next ordered West, to the division of General C. F. Smith, at Paducah, Kentucky, in General Grant's district, and promoted Brigadier-General; took part in the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and after the latter's surrender, was promoted to be Major-General."

"I have never clearly understood what was the cause or what was the final outcome of your difference with General Grant about the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and I imagine the public is in much the same state of ignorance."

"I think I can make it clear to you even without a map, although a map would be useful. On the 6th of April, 1862, my division was at Crump's Landing, six miles below Pittsburg Landing, where the other divisions of Grant's force were, while Grant himself had been ordered by Halleck, at St. Louis, to establish his headquarters at Savannah, four miles below me, until the arrival of Buell with the Army of the Ohio to join the Army of the Tennessee, when the great man (Halleck) was to come down in person and show us how it should be done.

"But Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the Confederates, did not wait for him, but attacked before Buell could join, and, indeed, attacked before the Army of the Tennessee was ready to receive him, so that the fight of Pittsburg Landing, as I understand it, was on our side a division fight all day. McClernand was the ranking division commander, but he was a civilian, so Sherman was recognized for communication on the field. My own position was peculiarly exposed and isolated, and when I heard the firing on the morning of the 6th I made preparations to join the right of the army or enable the right to join me. My column was at the fork of two roads leading to Pittsburg Landing, one by the river, and the other by a circuitous route, which was much the more direct route to our right. The roads were horrible, and I had had them corduroyed. Thinking the firing would bring Grant up from his headquarters, I took my station on a boat in the river, so that he might leave me my orders and go on without loss of time. At half past eight he came. 'Have you heard the firing?' he said. 'Yes.' 'What do you think of it?' 'There is a general engagement going on up there.' He thought a moment. 'Very well; hold yourselves in readiness, and wait for orders.' 'But, General,' I said, knowing that I should be with the rest of the army, 'I am ready now.' 'Well, hold your command where it is till further orders.' And he steamed on up the river.

"The firing continued louder than ever, and I was more and more anxious to advance. Nine, ten, eleven came, and no orders. At last, at half past eleven, I saw a mounted officer coming down the road on a horse I had left in charge of an orderly for such an emergency. 'How is the battle going?' I asked him. 'We are repulsing them all along the line.' And then he handed me a written order, which was unfortunately lost, but which several persons read, and which I remember perfectly well. It was an order to leave a force to guard the public property at Crump's Landing, and to march at once and effect junction with the right of the army. As this was the order I thought I should have had hours before, I hastened to obey it, and marched my division along the road that would take me most directly to our right—that is, the road I had already corduroyed. We were within a quarter of a mile of Sherman's position on the right, when a young lieutenant covered with mud galloped up. 'General Grant wants you to hurry up.'

"Ten minutes afterwards another officer of General Grant's staff rode up with 'Where are you going?' I explained to him that I was going to the right of our army. 'Why, don't you know,' he said, 'that we have been driven all day, and that our lines are not where they were?' 'Then,' I said, 'here I am in the rear of the whole rebel army. Tell me explicitly what General Grant wants of me.' 'He wants you at Pittsburg Landing, and he wants you there like ——.'

"There was nothing for me to do but to countermarch and get into the lower or river road, of course at a great and fatal loss of time, for when I received the last order I was, as I have said, almost where Sherman's camp had been. There was the opportunity of a lifetime before me, for the straggling and disorganized Confederates were between me and Buell's fresh army, of which Nelson's division was already across the river. On the next day, the 7th, my division led in the attack. We drove the enemy all day long, and were a mile and a quarter in advance of our lines of the morning when General Grant recalled me.

"It was a year afterwards, in Washington, when a friend called my attention to the official reports of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and I was not less astonished than indignant to find myself severely blamed for my conduct on the 6th. General Grant may have meant me to march by the river road, but he did not order me to do so, and the road I took was the shortest road to the right of the army, where I was actually ordered. I at once applied for a court of inquiry, but it was refused, after a reference of the application to General Grant. There was a scapegoat needed for the result of the first day's battle, and—and I was not a West-Pointer. I have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the last words that General Grant ever wrote, a foot-note to the account of Pittsburg Landing in his "Memoirs," were a withdrawal of his harsh and unjust judgment. If not wholly ungrudging, it amounts to a vindication of my action. The last paragraph of the foot-note is worth quoting:

> "'Hearing the sounds of battle, General Wallace early ordered his First and Third brigades to concentrate on the Second. If the position of our front had not changed, the road which Wallace took would have been somewhat shorter to our right than the river road. U. S. Grant.
>
> "'Mount MacGregor, N. Y., *June* 21, 1885.'

"After my unsuccessful attempt to procure a court of inquiry I was put in command of the Middle Department and Eighth Army Corps, with headquarters at Baltimore. I suppose it seemed to General Halleck, who was at that time in Washington as 'Chief of Staff,' though of whose staff nobody ever knew, that I was safely shelved, and out of the way of service in the field. But I did have my opportunity, with the timely and most effective co-operation of General Ricketts, to save Washington from capture by Jubal Early, in command of an expedition which General Halleck pooh-poohed as a mere raid."

It is a great pity that the exigencies of space forbid me to tell here this very interesting episode of the war, which surely deserves to be told in the words of the chief actor in it.

### IV.

"What opinion did you form, during your sojourn in Constantinople as minister, upon the present and future position of Turkey in Europe?"

"The Eastern question is of course full of complications which no man can easily master. I used to tell my friends among the other foreign ministers, when I visited them, that I had come for lessons in the Eastern question. But essentially the question is very simple, and it has been the same question since the Crimean war; indeed, since it has been a question at all. The Turk is in Constantinople because the great powers cannot agree what should be done with Constantinople if he were put out. For all practical purposes Constantinople is Turkey in Europe. If the powers could arrive at an agreement upon this point, the Turk would be forced to decamp at once, and to betake himself to Asia. The Sultan holds his place by reason of the equilibrium he maintains among the great powers. The Sultanship is therefore an unstable and precarious place, and demands the very highest order of diplomatic skill on the part of the man who occupies it, and whose business it is to play off one of his covetous neighbors against the other, to soothe the susceptibilities of one and excite those of another, so as to maintain himself through their rivalries and their jealousies. The present Sultan eminently possesses that skill. I look upon him as the ablest diplomatist in Europe. As he 'teeters' there in the 'balance of power,' a single mistake would be fatal to him; but he does not make any mistakes, and he is there still, and likely to remain, so far as anybody can see, for his lifetime. He is not likely to encounter any more serious trials than those he has already undergone concerning Egypt. To one episode of this Egyptian business I am myself a witness, and was, in a way, an actor in it, and it has so long passed that there can be no indiscretion in telling the story. One night I was surprised by a summons from the Sultan. It was, of course, one of those invitations that cannot be declined, and I at once followed the messenger to the palace. I was ushered into the presence of his Majesty, who was unattended, except by his grand chamberlain, whom he presently dismissed with an intimation that he wished to speak to the American minister in private. When we were alone he explained that a controversy had arisen between his government and that of Great Britain about Egypt, and that what he wished to know of me was whether the government of the United States would undertake to arbitrate the difference if its good offices were invoked for that purpose. I returned that while I could not in any case answer for my government, it would be necessary for me to have a statement of the subject matter of the dispute and of the Turkish contention, in order to transmit the proposition to Washington. He had anticipated this condition, for he at once took from a desk a paper, written in French, which proved to be exactly what I had required. The Sultan made it plain to me that the matter was one of extreme urgency, and was anxious to know when an answer might be expected from Washington. I calculated the time that would probably elapse, and gave him a date. Then taking my leave, I went back as I had come to my own house at Therapia, and on the way studied the statement I had received until I had mastered it. The same morning I called upon the British minister, who was then Lord Dufferin, one of the most charming of men as well as one of the ablest of diplomatists, surprising him, I remember, by my appearance at so unusual an hour—he had not yet breakfasted—and, of course without revealing the source of my interest in the matter, asked him if he could give me a statement of the British side of the controversy with the Turkish government. He turned to his desk and wrote, with a running pen and without a pause. When he had done, he read what he had written, and, without making a correction or a change, handed it to me. When I read it over I was astonished at the lucid and complete statement he had made of so complicated a matter—a statement, indeed, that was an admirable state paper, and that could not have been improved if the writer had deliberated upon it for hours, instead of writing it as I have told you. I was now in full possession of the question at issue, and framed my despatch to Washington accordingly. When the time I had mentioned to the Sultan, and in which I had allowed for consultations between the Secretary of State and the British minister at Washington, and between our State Department and the British Foreign Office, had elapsed, I became anxious for my answer. It came in a form that I could not have anticipated, but it was sufficiently explicit as to the intentions of the British government, if not satisfactory. The answer was an order for the bombardment of Alexandria."

"I have heard that you were personally on particularly good terms with the Sultan, apart from your official relations with the Sublime Porte."

"That is quite true. Indeed, the Sultan conveyed to me a proposition that I should enter the Turkish service, and made me an offer, of which the terms were very handsome and flattering. When I declined he pressed for my reasons, and I frankly told him that the jealousy of the Turkish officials for foreigners, of which I had seen many examples in the army and navy as well as in the civil service, was so great I foresaw, in case I accepted the appointment, that it would be manifested in such a way as both to impair my usefulness to him, and, if not to destroy his confidence in me, to give him so much trouble that he would be compelled in the end to let me go in the interest of his own peace. I knew the Oriental spirit of cabal and intrigue, and I had an illustration of it in this very matter. Some years after I had left Turkey an American acquaintance of mine, also at the time a representative of the United States at a European capital, visited Constantinople in the course of his annual holiday, and was presented to the Sultan, who, in the course of conversation, asked him for news of me, which my friend gave so far as he could. 'I wish you would ask General Wallace, when you see him,' said the Sultan, 'why he has never answered a communication which I sent him.' I had received the communication, which was a renewal of the offer of which I have told you, and I had answered it, and had transmitted my answer through the Turkish minister at Washington. The minister, I am sure, had forwarded it, for, besides being a man of honor, he was a friend of mine, and yet the Sultan had never received it. If I had needed any justification for declining to enter the Turkish service, I should have found it in this fact. A country in which the sovereign cannot get his letters delivered is not a country in which a foreigner who values his peace will care to hold any public station."

### V.

"What relation, if any, has your official residence in Constantinople to your forth-coming book, *The Prince of India?*"

"Why, I may almost say I was sent to Constantinople to write that book. When General Garfield became President he offered me, in the first place, a mission in South America, which I declined; but when the Turkish mission was offered, I felt the charm that Constantinople must have for every romantic mind. I had become acquainted with the President in the army, and he had read *Ben-Hur*, and liked it. As I was coming away from my visit of acknowledgment at the White House, he put his arm over my shoulder in his cordial boyish way, and said: 'I expect another book out of you. Your official duties will not be too onerous to allow you to write it. Locate it in Constantinople.' That was, of course, agreeable, and a main consideration in accepting the place. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks is one of the most striking events in the history of the East, and one of the most striking in the history of the world. There could not be a finer setting for a historical romance. I don't know whether you are one of the select few who have read Dr. Samuel Johnson's tragedy of *Irene*, but if you are, you will remember that it is founded upon an incident of the Turkish occupation of Constantinople. The incident is in old Knolles's *History of the Turks*, of which Johnson said that it 'displays all the excellences that narration can admit.' Whatever one may think of Knolles's style, whoever reads him to get an authentic account of the siege of Constantinople will be deeply disappointed.

"The story upon which Johnson founded his *Irene* is rejected by Gibbon and Von Hammer, though there is a historical basis, of which I have made use in my novel. The accounts of the capture of Constantinople in the current histories are far from satisfactory, and I naturally expected to find on the spot a wealth of detail which the historians had overlooked. I had facilities as minister for inspecting the old records which no private student could very well obtain, and I had the invaluable assistance of Professor Grosvenor, of the American College at Hissar, who knows more about old Constantinople, about Byzantium, than any man living, now that Paspati is dead. But all this for my purposes amounted to very little. There are in Constantinople mosques by the hundred, and every mosque has a library, and I had access to all these libraries, but found my labor in searching them was mainly lost. There is a lapse of Turkish history about the capture of Constantinople. Nevertheless, it is, of course, of the greatest possible advantage to me in such a work to have lived on the spot for so long. It would not be fair to my publishers for me to give an outline of the novel, but I may say that the main idea is of the Wandering Jew. It has always seemed to me necessarily true that the longer a man lived, if he had common-sense originally, the wiser he must become. My Prince of India is a man who impressed himself upon those who met him as a normal man, like others, except that he was very wise and very powerful, and that while generations of other men were passing, he did not appear to die.

"He has what seems to him a 'universal solvent' upon which all spiritually minded men can unite, and with which he expects to put an end to the religious disputes that have raged among mankind and done so much mischief. He tries it upon the Mohammedans in Arabia, and he tries it upon the Christians, such as they were, of Constantinople in the fifteenth century; and it is perhaps needless to say that his experience with the theologians is very discouraging. While he is the central figure of the book, the main story—the love-story—is one with which he is directly connected. I have endeavored to make the book as true a picture as I can of the conflicting civilizations that came into collision at the siege of Constantinople, invoking research as well as imagination. It is a more elaborate work than *Ben-Hur*, and covers at least as large a canvas, so to speak. I have devoted six years to it, with what success it is of course not for me to say."

## O COOL GRAY JUG!

O cool gray jug that touched the lips
 In kiss that softly closed and clung!
No Spanish wine the tippler sips,
 Or port the poet's praise has sung,
Such pure untainted sweetness yields
As cool gray jug in harvest fields.

I see it now! a clover leaf
 Outspread upon its sweating side.
As from the standing sheaf
 I pluck and swing it high, the wide
Field glows with noonday heat;
The winds are tangled in the wheat;

The myriad crickets blithely cheep;
 Across the swash of ripened grain
I see the burnished reaper creep;
 The lunch-boy comes, and once again
The jug its crystal coolness yields—
O cool gray jug in harvest fields!

Hamlin Garland.

## THE CHICAGO PATROL-BOX.

There are located throughout the grounds and at accessible points within the buildings of the exposition about four hundred boxes, or call stations, which are used for the purpose of summoning patrol wagons, police assistance, or for reporting unusual occurrences of any character, except fire, for which a separate and distinct system of alarms is maintained. Each of these boxes is connected by means of underground wires with the central station in the Service Building, and contains, besides a telephone, an automatic apparatus for indicating not only the exact location but also the specific nature of the call. The operation of this system is similar in many respects to that used in the police service of the larger cities.

Upon making an arrest, the guard takes the offender to the nearest box, unlocks it, and telephones the central station, giving to the officer in charge full particulars regarding the case. Immediate connection is then made with the most convenient patrol-wagon barn, where the box from which the call is turned in is indicated by its number being struck upon the register, or "joker." At the first tap of the gong the horses are released from their stalls near by, and move forward with the promptness of fire-department veterans to their proper positions at the wagon; the harness, which is suspended overhead when not in use, is lowered upon them, and by a single snap of the collar they are hitched and ready to start. The driver is by this time in his seat, and the wagon, carrying, in addition to two Columbian guards, a member of the Chicago police force, proceeds at as rapid a rate as is consistent with the safety of pedestrians along the roadways to the scene of the trouble. Upon arrival, the person under arrest is placed in the wagon and brought to the headquarters of the guard, where the officer of the day, who is on duty day and night, hears the complaint against him, the guard making the arrest being present, and often, should the offence not prove to be of a grave character, discharges him with a reprimand, or orders him removed from the grounds. Should, however, the charge be a criminal one, the prisoner is conveyed to the police station at Woodlawn Park, near by, where, unless bailed out, he is held to await trial in the Justice Courts at Hyde Park.

The patrol-wagon corps comprises a separate company of the Columbian Guard, and is under the same military discipline as the latter. One of the officers of the United States army, detailed by the Secretary of War for service at the exposition, is in immediate command. In addition to service in arrests, they answer any general emergency call, are present at fires, and although the exposition has a most efficient ambulance corps, it is occasionally necessary to call upon them for the conveyance of ill or injured persons to the hospital.

Montgomery Breckinridge Pickett.

# THIS BUSY WORLD

**Mr. Alvan S. Southworth** describes Sir Richard Burton as "a two-bottle man" who could go twenty-four hours without sleep, work all the next morning prodigiously at one of his tasks, "take a bath, a drive, a brief siesta in the afternoon, and then for another night, and so the days went." To be that sort of a "two-bottle man," and crowd seventy years of immense mental and physical activity into fifty years of life, must be a blissful condition while it lasts. It is quite a different state from that of "two-bottle men" whose entire capacity for daily achievement is represented by the two empty bottles. Nevertheless, the most wasteful of dissipations is that which cheats nature out of its rightful proportion of sleep. The ordinary man who takes care of himself avails about as much in the end as the extraordinary man who abuses his strength. Take a possible "two-bottle man," make him eschew a bottle and a half of possible daily indulgence, have him spend his nights in sleep instead of in talk, and his days in labor, and perhaps when he comes to full maturity you may find in him the powers of an octogenarian Gladstone. Old men are too potent in the world in these days to encourage Titans of strength and intellect to improve their time at the expense of their longevity.

It is interesting to read that the British Medical Association has investigated hypnotism, affirmed that it is a genuine force, and advised that its use should be forbidden to all except physicians. That is just like the doctors. If after endless trouble you succeed in convincing them of the value of some novelty in therapeutics, they turn on you at the first chance and proclaim that the thing is indeed a good thing, but that they are the only folks fit to be trusted with its application. And the best of it is that the public usually agrees with them.

The German Emperor possesses the admirable quality of being able to enjoy himself. Having succeeded in passing his war bill, he turned himself loose on a yacht at Cowes, and had fun for a fortnight. It is fairly reassuring to read of his gay and unconventional behavior. A man must be reasonably sane who can be a boy again when he takes a holiday. No doubt his spirits were not adversely affected by the hair-breadth escape of France from a war with England.

That hair-breadth escape, by-the-way, deprives the Peace Congress which meets at Chicago of the chance to illustrate its proceedings by a current example of real war. Doubtless, however, there is evidence enough already on record to enable the peace orators to demonstrate to their satisfaction that war does not pay. The contemporary prevalence of that opinion is demonstrated by the efforts of all the powers in Christendom to make such a showing of military strength that no one will dare to quarrel with them. It is not, of course, with any purpose of war that our government spends money on battle-ships, but merely for the sake of being so visibly strong that the neighbors will all be polite, and let us go about our business without the distraction of squabbles.

How long can it reasonably be expected that the old custom will last in deference to which wives are content to be known by the surnames of their husbands? All the recent tests tend to show the superiority of the female mind to that of the male. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer in a recent address supported the cause of coeducation with the argument that "nothing in the world will take the foolishness and romantic notions out of a girl so quick as to work with young men and find out how little they know." Of course marriage has the same effect; but after a girl is married it is too late for her to save her maiden name. If she arrives before marriage at the sophisticated stage that Mrs. Palmer describes, she may very reasonably demur to giving up a name which she feels competent to distinguish for one which will be handicapped by her husband's relative inferiority. All along the line this summer women have triumphed. In the recent assignment of general fellowships by the Chicago University young women got so disproportionate a share of the spoils as to scandalize the authorities. When the London Geographical Society declined in the spring to admit women to its membership, the society's action was received not at all as evidence of the inferiority of women, but purely as a new proof of the limitations of men. Ten women passed the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos this year, and two of them came out wranglers. Three women took honors at Oxford, at which university also honor examinations were this year opened to women in three new courses. At London University, Miss Ogilvie, a prodigy of erudition from Aberdeen, passed with the highest credit the examination for the degree of Doctor of Science. At this rate, how long will women be content with the substance, and abstain from grasping the shadow also? How long will Miss Jones consent to become Mrs. Smith? How soon will she demand a competitive examination between Smith and herself to determine before marriage which is the compelling entity, and whether it is more meet that she shall become a Smith, or that Smith and the children shall become Joneses?

It would be interesting to know, if it did not involve too ruthless an exposure of private griefs, how Mr. John Boyd Thatcher has enjoyed the Columbian Exhibition. Among the earliest sounds that the fair emitted after its opening were objurgatory outbreaks of dissatisfaction with Mr. Thatcher's methods of doing business. They have continued ever since, varied indeed by intervals of rumored acquiescence on the part of the exhibitors and fleeting upheavals of truce. Not less than five times a week since the 1st of May Mr. Thatcher must have put his foot in it, so to speak, when he got out of bed in the morning. Not less than five times a week he must have lain down with a new wrangle on his hands, and a fresh lot of irreconcilables to face on the morrow. It is possible that he is a copper-fastened philosopher, and regards war as a condition naturally resultant from the job he undertook, but unless he rises to battle as a strong man to run a race, and sniffs conflict on the gale, and cries ha! ha! like the war-horse of Scripture, he must be a very weary person, with ragged nerves, and a large appetite for sympathy and condolences. If there is any one who might be expected to have a fellow-feeling for him, it would seem to be Mr. Robert Porter, the late manager of the United States census. Mr. Porter's census must have satisfied some people, and possibly there are some quarters in which Mr. Thatcher's system of awards gives satisfaction, but on the whole Mr. Porter must have had an experience in the art of deriving solace from apparently inadequate sources, of which Mr. Thatcher might avail himself with a prospect of gain.

None need be at the expense of believing the rumor that Miss Ellen Terry will leave the stage after her present American tour. "See Rome and die" is a striking exhortation, but it is not successfully paraphrased by the injunction Play a month in Chicago and then retire from the stage! It will be time enough to lament the passing of Miss Terry when she actually passes.

This true solution of the "The United States is or are" problem comes from a seventh son, to whom it has been revealed in a dream. When you use capitals you say "is," *e. g.*, "The United States is." And when you don't use capitals you say "are," *e. g.*, "The united states are."

Giving the news of runs on savings-banks, a New York newspaper reported, the other day:

> "The number of women exceeded the number of men by fully four hundred per cent. If the withdrawals began, as said, with the more intelligent people, the condition has changed. The average of intelligence among the alarmed depositors is on the decline."

It will be observed that the increased proportion of women in the line is interpreted by this contemporary to signify a decline of intelligence among the clamorous depositors. The name of the journal that jumps to so rash a conclusion is mercifully withheld.

That is a pleasant remedy for hard times that is being tested by Dr. Warner in his factory at Bridgeport. It is a corset factory, and there are 1600 women employed in it. In view of the state of business the factory is running only three days a week, but the proprietor has provided that all girls who have no homes, and who find half-wages not enough to pay their board, shall get their meals without money or price at the Bridgeport Sea-side Institute until the factory begins again to run on full time. At last accounts Dr. Warner had 600 guests, and the business of his summer hotel was the envy of the Connecticut shore.

Light has been let into the patent-medicine business by a recent lawsuit in the English courts, wherein one Alabone, the proprietor of a specific, sued one Morton, his former manager, for stealing his ideas and testimonials and setting up an opposition trade. Alabone is an M.D. from Pennsylvania; Morton made no pretence of being a doctor. As has happened before in such cases, the ingredients of the Alabone consumption cure and its bogus nature came out in the trial, as did the qualities of some of the affidavits of cure. Alabone won his suit, but the judge in giving judgment in his favor suggested the propriety of having both the parties prosecuted for infringement of the Apothecaries' Act. The London *Times* suggests that the real victory in the case is with the public, which may profit by the disclosures made in the course of the trial as to the worthlessness of nostrums. But the mainstay of the patent-medicine gentlemen is people who do not concern themselves very much about the law reports. What they want is something to take, and they take that which is offered with the most persistence and recommended in the largest type. However worthless any particular patent medicine may be, it is nobody's business to make that worthlessness public, whereas it is the particular business of the proprietor that the medicine shall be systematically cracked up and put upon the market. The true way to kill off a patent medicine is not to demonstrate that it is of no value, but to invent a new one and advertise it in bigger letters.

E. S. Martin.

## THE DESTITUTE IN DENVER.

As surely as all roads in New Jersey lead to New York, so all roads in Colorado lead to Denver. To be sure, you can get through Colorado without going to Denver, but that is the natural centre of gravity whither all loose particles of humanity tend when they become detached in other parts of the State, and so to Denver have drifted men who have been thrown out of work by the recent depression. Few other towns in Colorado contain now any large number of idle men, but in the State capital during the last two weeks in July and the first week in August they were numbered by hundreds.

The number of men in Colorado six weeks ago who, while they lived in the Silver State and voted there, yet looked for "home" somewhere "back East"—in Missouri, or Illinois, or Michigan, or Ohio—was quite large. When such men were out of work their natural instinct was to seek their old homes, and this accounts in large measure for the exodus that took place during the latter half of July. The railways were so bothered by men who were trying to beat their way East—in one case, at least, a train was "held up" and taken possession of by these returning wanderers—that they finally shipped several train-loads of them free, and then made a nominal rate of six dollars to the Missouri River for those who could not pay the regular fare. The trains supplied for these excursions were not made of "cattle-cars" either, but of regular passenger coaches. Certainly the railways have done their full share in providing cheap transportation for the men who wanted to leave Colorado for the East. Be it understood that in using the terms East and West the Missouri River is the dividing line to Colorado people.

Temporary relief committees had been formed early in July in Aspen, Leadville, and other places immediately affected by the shutting down of the silver mines, and about the middle of the month it became evident that something of the sort was needed in Denver. Not only were men drifting thither from all parts of the State, but hundreds were thrown out of employment in the city itself; and these, added to the city's normal population of tramps and beggars, made a proletariat of altogether abnormal proportions. Out of these conditions grew the Relief Camp at River Front Park, illustrations of which are given herewith.

This Relief Camp was an oddly managed institution. The State supplied tents, and militia to guard them and keep order; Mr. John Brisbin Walker supplied the ground—a race-track down by the river, just across from the Union Depot; and two clergymen took charge of the supply of inhabitants for the camp. These two men were the Very Rev. Dean Hart of the Episcopal Church, and "Parson Tom" Uzzell, of the People's Tabernacle. The latter is one of the most interesting personalities in Denver. His brother built the Tabernacle, and ran it mainly if not entirely at his own expense. When he died, some years ago, Parson Tom—who, by-the-way, is a regularly ordained Congregational minister—took charge of it. It is supported by voluntary contributions. In connection with it are a free dispensary, an employment office, a registry of persons who need help, and various other adjuncts of the sort. The building is in the lower part of town, where there are no other churches, and it is packed at every service with the poor, the unfortunate, and even the outcast. Mr. Uzzell is called Tom, or Parson Tom, by everybody. He is somewhat sensational in his preaching, and perhaps given to overstatement, but his heart is in his work, and he does a vast deal of good. If Myron Reed is known as the most popular preacher in Denver, "Tom" Uzzell is emphatically the people's preacher.

It was natural that such a man should come to the front at such a time, and to him most of the applicants for places in the Relief Camp were sent. He was indefatigable in his efforts to make the camp a success, and, besides that, he had on his hands at the Tabernacle a very large list of persons needing relief.

The camp was opened on Thursday, July 27th, and continued about a fortnight. During that time lodging in tents was furnished to an average of 375 men every night, and meals were served twice a day to numbers ranging from 500 to 1000. Besides those who slept in the tents, anywhere from 100 to 200 slept every night in the grand stand, which forms the most prominent feature of River Front Park.

The State furnished one hundred tents, and a detail of fifty officers and men from the First Regiment, National Guard of Colorado. Twenty-seven of the tents were occupied by the militia—one for headquarters, in front of which flew the American flag; one for the surgeon's tent, with the red cross on a white ground emblazoned on its ensign; one for a hospital tent, and the rest for sleeping. The detachment of militia was under command of First Lieutenant B. H. Merchant, and their work, although constant, and for the first forty-eight hours arduous, was easy enough so far as keeping order was concerned. During the entire period the camp regulations were strictly observed, and not even a reprimand was necessary to prevent disorder.

It was natural that a camp like this should attract at first all the idle elements in the city; but most of the tramps got enough of it the first day and left. They did not care to go to bed at 9.30 and get up at 6.30, to get permits to go out, or to live on two frugal meals a day. One of this class said to a reporter:

"I don't eat here. I can cadge better food every day than that stuff," and he pointed contemptuously in the direction of the mess-tents. "Out on Broadway every day I get all I want to eat in boarding-houses and private families. The camp may break up any day for all I care."

After the second day, in the opinion of the officers in charge of the camp, less than ten per cent. of the men were tramps or "hobos." It is not easy to explain what a "hobo" is. Perhaps the nearest thing to it is a San Francisco "sand-lotter." Here is the same reporter's description of one:

"The first true hobo in Row A was found about half-way in the row. He had in hand a magazine, on which he was making marginal notes. 'Going East to-night? Oh no!' he said, in answer to a question. 'This is too big a snap. I'm too weak to work, and the world owes me a living. The State'll have to take care of us poor working-men or there'll be trouble.' As he said this the man of leisure began to roll a cigarette."

This element is always to be found in Denver, and has been somewhat increased of late by the difficulty of getting that living which the world owes it in the mountain towns. It was this crowd that ran amuck on the night of July 26th, and treated the dead body of the lynched murderer Arata with such sickening brutality. It was this crowd which the citizens feared might loot the provision stores on the following night. Whether any of the Relief Camp men were in the mob that lynched Arata cannot be known, for the camp was not established until the following day; but on the second night none of them were in the mob that gathered and was dispersed by the police, for they were all in their tents asleep.

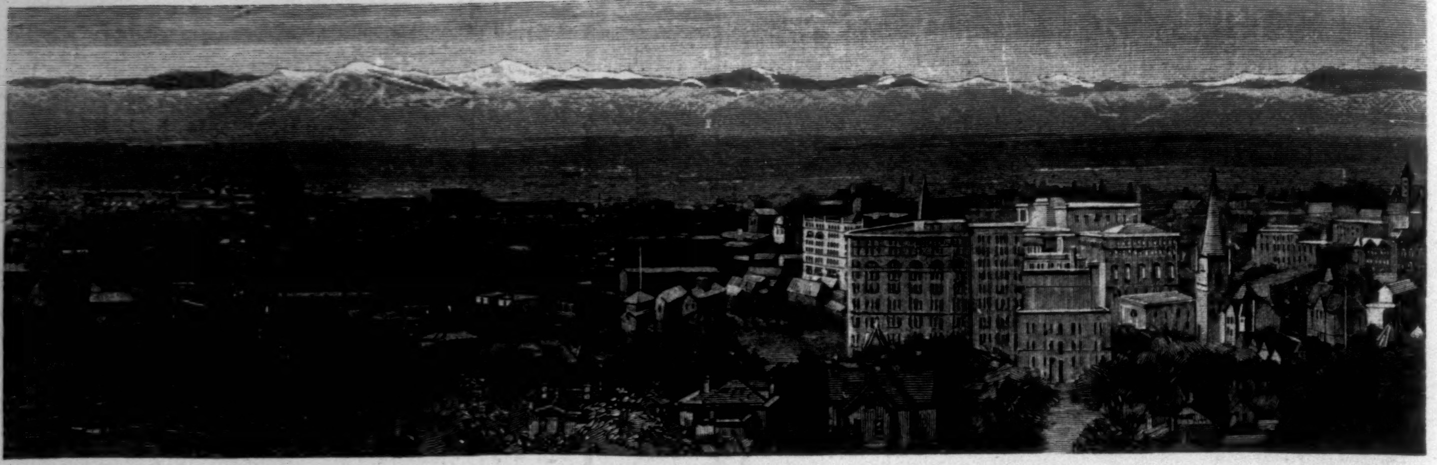
Almost all sorts and conditions of men were represented in the camp. One man was there who had lost $1300 by the suspension of a bank in Aspen. One was a striking coal-miner from Pittsburg, Kansas. In one tent there were a furniture salesman, a drug clerk, a railway conductor, and the ex-proprietor of a barber shop. In another were half a dozen Frenchmen who had been bakers or cooks at the hotels. In still another were a company of Swedes who had worked in the Denver smelteries. There were miners from the mountain towns, foreign immigrants stranded for want of a job, a few bricklayers, here and there a farm hand, and quite a number of waiters and of railroad laborers.

On the last day of July it was decided to have the men at the camp do some work for the State in return for their keep, and forty of those who volunteered were set at work cutting wood. So far as I could discover from the conversation of the men in camp the next day, the great majority of them were perfectly willing to work. "Why," said one of them, whom I overheard talking to a companion, "a few hours' work a day is only an amusement. We ought to be willing to do something for our keep."

During the last two weeks in July, according to Parson Uzzell's estimate, about fifteen hundred men were sent East from Denver. On the 1st of August there were at least as many there unemployed. There are two reasons why so many men were idle; first, that many had been discharged because their employers reduced force, like the railroad men; second, that many had quit work voluntarily rather than accept a reduction in wages. One instance may serve as a sample of many. At the Maid of Erin mine in Leadville, owned by Mr. David H. Moffatt, the men were offered a reduction of 50 cents a day—those who were getting $3 50 to receive $3, and those who were getting $3 to receive $2 50. This was about the average wages. The offer was declined without thanks, the mine was abandoned, and the men who refused $2 50 per day are presumably walking East. The mine has filled with water, and it will cost, at a low estimate, $100,000 to get it again in working order. There are a good many mines at Leadville and elsewhere that would have continued working right along if the miners had been willing to take from $2 to $2 50 per day.

Another case is that of the Arkansas Valley Smelter (*not* smeltery) at Leadville. This had been working up to the 1st of August, but the company found that it must either reduce wages or quit. It offered a ten per cent. reduction, which was accepted by forty men; but when they attempted to work, the rest set upon them with sticks and stones, and drove them away, and the smeltery had to shut down.

Before the Relief Camp was abandoned measures were adopted by the city authorities to provide work for a number of men. Appropriations aggregating $15,000 were made



THE CITY OF DENVER.

for street improvement, and about a hundred men were employed in this way. Since then, also, the grading of new streets and repaving of old ones have provided work for several hundred more.

Thus far men only have been mentioned; but there are a great many women out of work too. For the help of these an organization of some of the most prominent society women in Denver has been formed, which is doing good work, but in a less spectacular way than the formation of a relief camp. Women do not drift about like men, and most of the unemployed women in Denver are those who have had work until recently in the city.

The problem of the unemployed is likely to continue for some time to be a hard question to solve. The city has felt the panic as severely as any in the United States—perhaps more severely than any other. As an illustration of the small economies that are practised, it may be mentioned that the receipts of the street car companies have fallen off fifty per cent. People walk a mile to save a nickel—something heretofore unknown in Denver. The State will do something, the city will probably do more, to give work to those who need it; but unless there is a wonderful revival of confidence within six months, the next year is likely to be a hard one for the destitute in Denver.

William Alexander Platt.

## A PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

Chicago has this year given to the world many attractions, and the calendar has not yet run out. There still remains one grand feature of the World's Columbian Exposition that outranks all others in its importance and its uniqueness.

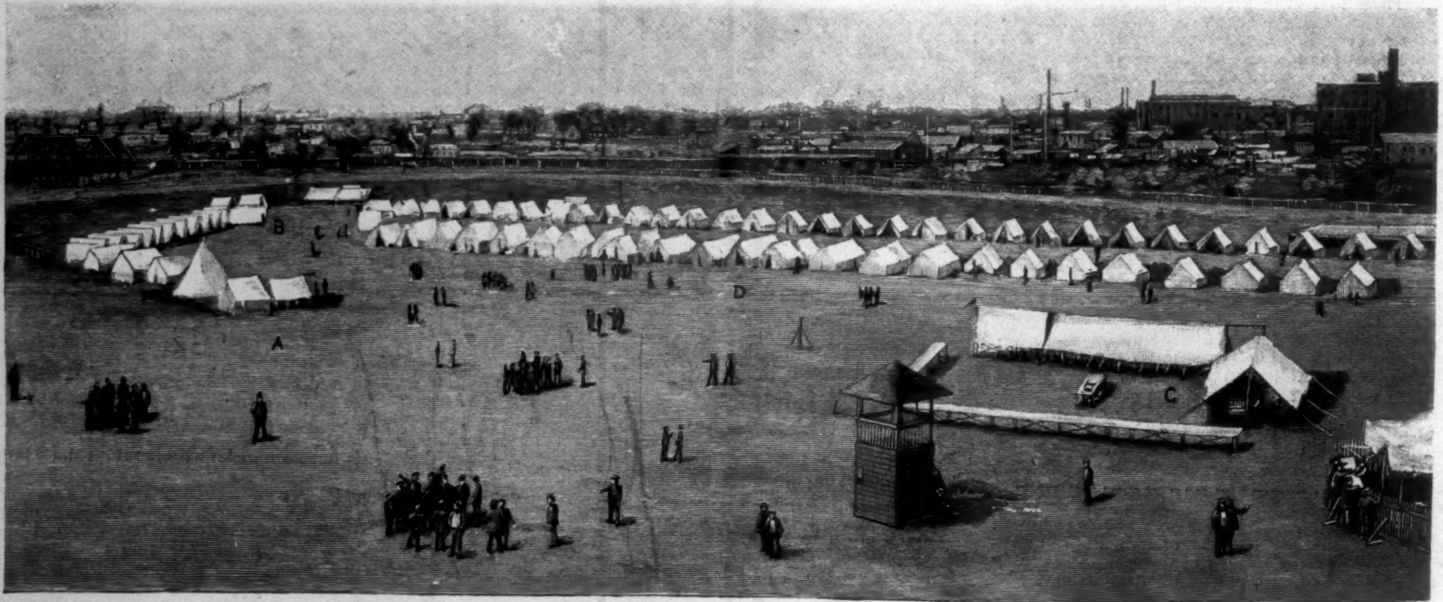
The coming month of September will be a Mecca for the whole world, and gathered there for deliberative purposes will be the representatives of all of the great religious systems of the world. There is no doubt that the great question of the age is that which pertains to the brotherhood of man, irrespective of what may be the creedal environments of individuals. When it was intended that the World's Columbian Exposition should be the greatest event in the history of the world, the advanced religious thinkers of this live country decreed that there should also be held the greatest religious gathering that has ever been chronicled. When the scheme was first mooted there were many who doubted the feasibility of bringing together representatives of the non-Christian faiths to meet on a common platform those of the Christian religion, to sink for the time all differences of dogma and ecclesiasticism, and to discuss those subjects which have particular reference to the well-being of man on earth and the welfare of his soul in the unknown spirit-land. Great as was the opposition on the part of many eminent thinkers, the plans of the World's Congress Auxiliary, so ably presided over by the Hon. C. C. Bonney, for the holding of a Parliament of Religions have crystallized into such substantial form as to warrant the assertion that the Parliament will be an indisputable success. It has taken now two years to bring to the present state of perfection the arrangements for this great meeting, and testimony has come from all quarters of the globe endorsing not only the desirability but also the necessity of such a gathering as this. The plans for this meeting have been arranged practically single-handed by the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, and his indomitable energy in the face of much vexatious opposition is bringing to a successful issue this great undertaking.

Among the hundreds who have signified their approval of the scheme, and who have rendered material assistance in perfecting the arrangements by their counsel, good advice, and suggestions, have been Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Tennyson, the Anglican Bishop of Worcester, Prof. F. Max Mueller, Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, the Rev. the Hon. W. H. Freemantle, Sir Edwin Arnold, Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji, General William Booth, Captain C. J. W. Pfoundes, William T. Stead (editor of the *Review of Reviews*), Prof. Robert B. Drummond, Rev. H. R. Haweis, A.M., Rev. Henry S. Lunn, D.D., Rev. E. Frommel, Count A. Bernstorff, Prof. Otto Pfleiderer, Dr. T. Bach and Prof. F. Hommel, D.D., of the University of Munich, Prof. J. T. Doedes, D.D., and Prof. J. Valeton, Jun., of the Utrecht University, Count Goblet d'Alviella, Rev. P. P. Waldenstrom, D.D., M.P., of Stockholm, Prof. Von Orelli of Basle, Prof. Godet of Neufchâtel, Cav. Matteo Prochet, Pres. George Washburne, D.D., of Constantinople, Rev. J. F. Clark of Samakoo, Bulgaria, Prof. N. J. Hofmeyr and Dr. Andrew Murray of Cape Colony, Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D., Dr. George E. Post, the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali of Calcutta, Consul Henry Ballantine of Bombay, Hon. Rai Maya Das, Mr. H. Dharmapala (Secretary of the Buddhist Society of India), Mr. B. Nagarkar of Bombay, P. C. Mozoomdar of Calcutta, Mr. J. J. Modi, the Hon. Pung Kwang Yu (First Secretary of the Chinese Legation, Washington, D.C.), Pres. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., Rev. Mr. Candlin of Tien-Tsin, Prof. Bùnyiu Nanjio, Rev. J. T. Yokoi, Rev. E. S. Eby, Rev. Mokurai Shimaji, the Rt. Rev. R. Shibata, Rev. Zitsuzen Ashitsu of Japan, Mr. K. R. Hirai (Buddhist scholar), Sir William Dawson of Montreal, Principal G. M. Grant, D.D., Archbishops Ireland, Ryan, Janssens, and Bishop Keane, of the Roman Catholic Church; Bishops Davies, Gillespie, Hale, Dudley, Knickerbacker, Seymour, Spaulding, Tuttle, Whipple, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; Bishops Andrews, Foss, Fowler, Hurst, Merrill, Newman, Hendrix, Ninde, Fitzgerald, and Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Drs. Ellinwood, Patton, Green, De Witt, Hunt, Willis Beecher, Happer, Haydn, Briggs, Van Dyke, Sample, Morris, Riggs, William C. Roberts, William H. Roberts, Marvin R. Vincent, Schaff, C. L. Thompson, Ecob, Parkhurst, W. A. Bartlett, Niccolls, Tuenis L. Hamlin, Ray, Withrow, Worrall, McClure, Tuttle, McPherson, and Freeman, of the Presbyterian Church. Among the Baptists are Drs. Boardman, Thomas, Braislin, Hovey, Horr, Dobbins, Strong, McArthur, Lorimer, Sampey, Canfill, Moxom, Anderson, Hoyt, and Montague. Among the Congregationalists may be mentioned Drs. Abbott, Storrs, Taylor, McKenzie, Ward, Griffis, Carroll, Dunning, Bradford, Francis E. Clark, Gladden, Harris of Andover, Whiton, Munger, Park, Wells, Josiah Strong, Herrick, Cyrus Hamlin, and S. C. Bartlett. Among heads of colleges are Presidents Dwight, Simms, Warren, Gates, Andrews, Rankin, Seelye, Hyde, Carter, Capen, Coulter, Schurman, Rogers, Angell, Thwing, Harper, Ballantine, McCracken, Jordan, Cravath, Scovel, Burroughs, and Eaton.

It is now certain that a fairly good representation of the non-Christian faiths of the world will be made at this Parliament. Buddhism will have among its representatives Mr. H. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Buddhist Society of India; Confucianism will be represented by Hon. Pung Kwang Yu, Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington; Zoroastrianism, by J. Modi, a Parsee priest of Bombay; Hindooism, by Manilal Dvevidi of Nadiad, India; Shintoism, by the Rt. Rev. Reichi Shibata; Mohammedanism, by the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali of Calcutta, and Said Ali Bilgrami of Hyderabad. These are a few who it is known for a certainty will make the journey to Chicago for the purpose of representing their several faiths.

Judaism will be championed by the best minds of the Jewish faith in this country. Among the speakers are Dr. Wise of Cincinnati, Dr. Berkowitz of Philadelphia, and Drs. Silverman, Kohut, and Kohler of New York.

Christianity will of course have the greatest representation at this gathering, and the majority of the historically known sects of the Christian Church will be either officially or unofficially represented. The Roman Catholic Church will speak through the mouths of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland, Ryan, and Chappelle, Mgr. D'Hulst of Paris, Mgr. D'Harlez of the Louvain University, Father Fidelis Kent-Stone of Brazil, Fathers Elliott and Hewit of the Paulist Order, and Bishops Keane and Spaulding. The Orthodox Greek Church will send unofficially the Bishop of Zante, Greece. The Armenian Church will have, among others, Mr. Minaz Tcheraz of London, known to history for the part he played in the Berlin Congress as the representative of the Armenian people. Protestantism in general will be set forth by Bishop Dudley of Kentucky, Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Prof. George T. Ladd, D.D., and Prof. George T. Fisher of Yale, Rev. Henry Blodgett, D.D., of Peking, China, Rev. Maurice Phillips of Madras, India, Prof. M. Valentine of Gettysburg, Bishop Thompson of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. George T. Candlin, Prof. William Henry Green, Prof. Philip

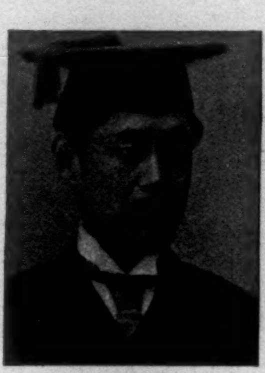


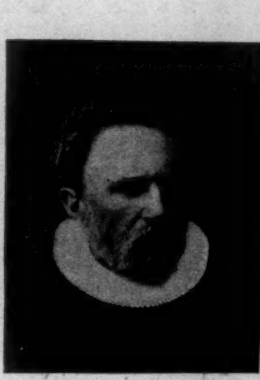
A. Surgeon's Tent. B. Headquarters. C. Mess Tents. D. Tents for "Inmates."

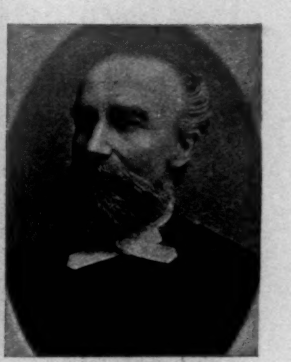
THE RELIEF CAMP AT DENVER.—From a Photograph.

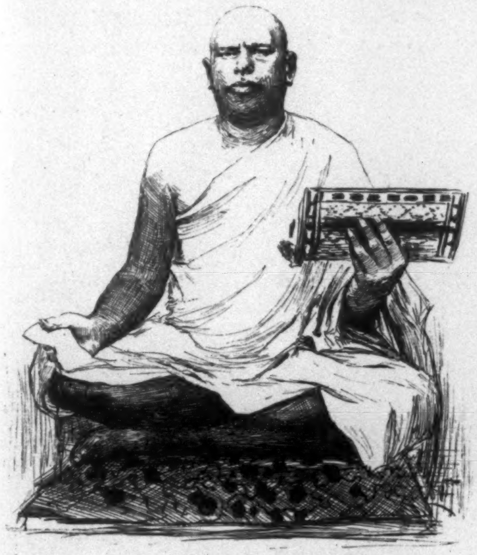
RT. REV. REICHI SHIBATA.
High Priest of the Zhikko Sect of Shintoism.

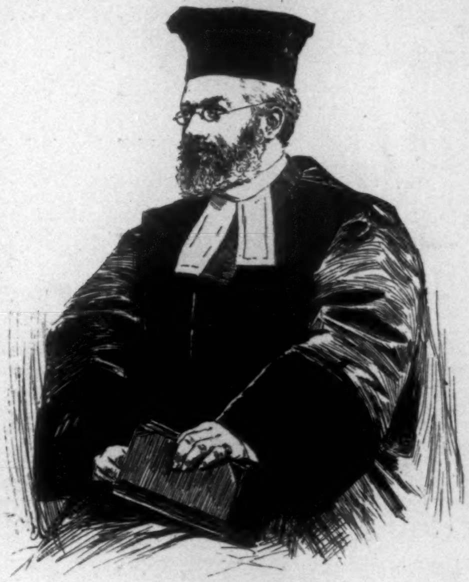
HON. PUNG KWANG YU.
Confucian. Washington, D.C.

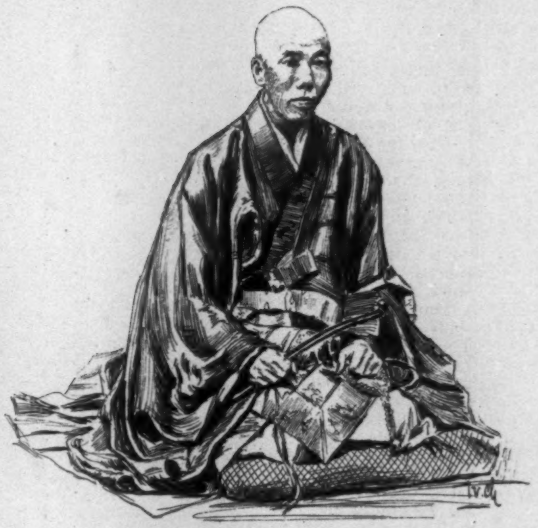

REV. Y. R. INOUYE.
Tokio, Japan.


REV. F. B. HORN.
Protestant. Christiania, Norway.

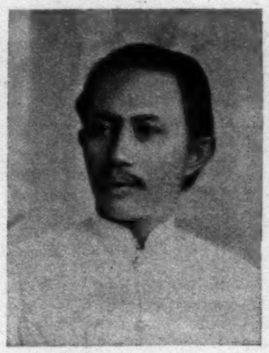

PROF. N. J. HOFMEYR.
Stellenbosch, South Africa.

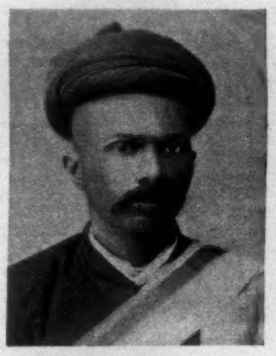

MUNI ATMARAMJI.
High Priest of the Jain Community of India.


DR. ADLER.
Chief Rabbi of the British Empire.

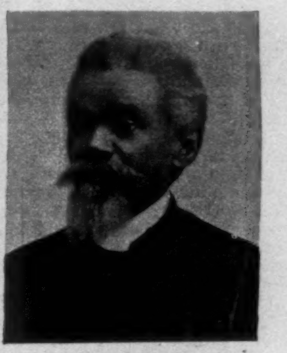

REV. ZITSUZEN ASHITSU.
Buddhist. Omi, Japan.

MR. B. NAGARKAR.
Theist. Bombay, India.

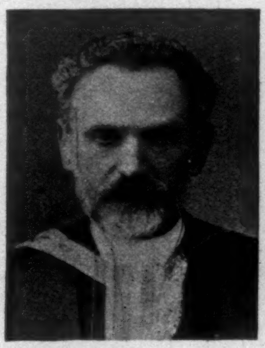

H. R. H. PRINCE CHANDRADAT CHUDHADHARM.
Buddhist. Bangkok, Siam.

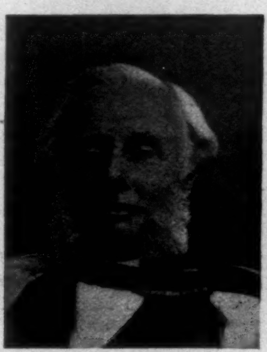

PURUSHOTTAM B. JOSHI.
Hindoo. Bombay, India.

NASARVANJI F. BILIMORIA.
Parsee. Bombay, India.

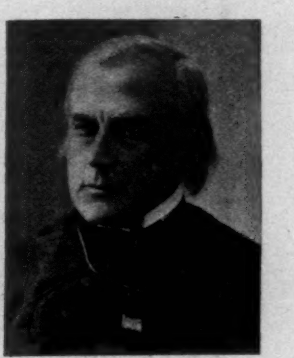

RT. REV. JAMES T. HOLLY.
Missionary Bishop of Haiti.

HON. MR. JUSTICE AMEER ALI.
Moslem. Calcutta, India.


REV. JAMES MACGREGOR.
Edinburgh, Scotland.


RT. REV. JOHN JAMES STEWART PEROWNE.
Bishop of Worcester, England.

PROF. J. T. DOEDES.
University of Utrecht.


VERY REV. AUGUSTINE F. HEWITT.
New York.

## THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS TO MEET AT CHICAGO.

Some prominent Members of the Advisory Council on Religious Congresses, of the World's Congress Auxiliary.

Schaff, D.D., Pres. Schurman of Cornell University, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Hon. Andrew D. White, Col. Thomas W. Higginson, Rev. H. K. Carroll, D.D. (Chief of the Bureau of Religious Statistics, United States Census), Rev. Dr. James S. Dennis, Rev. Joseph Cook, Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., Rev. Dr. J. T. Gracey, Dr. David J. Burrell, Prof. J. P. Landis, D.D., Dr. Henry Jessup of Syria, Dr. Francis E. Clark, D.D., Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D.D., Prof. William C. Wilkinson, D.D., of the Chicago University, Bishop John H. Vincent, Prof. M. S. Terry of the Northwestern University, Rev. H. Grattan Guinness of London, and others.

The Parliament will convene on the 11th of September, and continue until the 27th, holding three sessions each day. The programme in its skeleton outline is as follows, each main head being divided into as many sub-heads as the contingencies demand:

*September 11th.*—Addresses of welcome and responses by the authorities of the World's Congress Auxiliary and the visiting delegates.
*September 12th.*—God.
*September 13th.*—Man.
*September 14th.*—Religion essentially characteristic of humanity.
*September 15th.*—Systems of religion.
*September 16th.*—Sacred books of the world.
*September 17th.*—Religion and the family.
*September 18th.*—The religious leaders of mankind.
*September 19th.*—Religion in its relations to the natural sciences and to arts and letters.
*September 20th.*—Religion in its relations to morals.
*September 21st.*—Religion and social problems.
*September 22d.*—Religion and civil society.
*September 23d.*—Religion and the love of mankind.
*September 24th.*—The present religious condition of Christendom.
*September 25th.*—Religious reunion of Christendom.
*September 26th.*—The religious union of the whole human family.
*September 27th.*—Elements of perfect religion as recognized and set forth in the different historic faiths.

One of the main features in arranging for the Parliament was the appointment of an Advisory Council, which now numbers three thousand members, representing upwards of a hundred distinct schools of religious thought. The suggestions of the members of this council, coming as they have from all parts of the world, have been the means of formulating the programme. The *personnel* of the council indicates in itself that there is not a corner of the globe that has not been penetrated by the glad tidings of this coming congress of man, which many have been pleased in their enthusiasm to call the second Pentecost.

# THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.*

BY HENRY B. FULLER.

## XXIII.

BRAINARD, after leaving the office of the bank, had also taken the elevator, and before Ogden had reached McDowell's floor his chief stood at the door of Freeze & Freeze; the firm did some legal business for him now and then, under his own general designation of "odd jobs." But their door was locked, as it usually was at that hour; and the old man descended again, took the street car, and went home to tea.

"I've got him, all the same," he muttered to himself. "He can have a little leeway, if he wants, but it won't carry him very far off—as things are now."

He stamped and fumed through the parlor floor for the quarter of an hour during which he attended the preparation of tea in the basement dining-room. He sat down with Burt and Cornelia and his younger daughter; Abbie had shut herself up in her room, and had sent down word that she was too ill to appear.

The table was set with the plated ware of twenty years ago, hideous in varied quirks and chasings. Just within the door of the room stood a baby's high chair; and Brainard, in passing to his place, contrived to put a vicious foot heavily upon one of its sprawling wicker legs.

He went through the meal with a great grinding of molars and a loud smacking of lips. He said nothing; he handled his knife and fork and his goblet with a heavy-handed clatter, while his eyes stared fixedly at the tablecloth. The others watched him in silence; his teeth were grinding something other than food, and the smacking of his lips indicated a relish beyond that for any mere eating and drinking.

After his second cup of tea he arose and pushed back his chair, and planted his feet with a ponderous stamp on the space over which the chair had stood.

"Burt," he said, as he moved towards the door, "you can step down the street when you get through, and tell Albert Freeze to come up here. I shall be in my room."

He commanded the attendance of his attorneys as lightly as he commanded that of his clerks. The Freezes happened to be youngish men, but it would have been the same with older ones.

He withdrew to his den. He rearranged the coke-balls that he had had spread on the top of his grate fire, and then he began to rummage among the disordered papers on his desk.

A book was lying among them—a thin volume, with the place marked by a paper-cutter.

"I wish Abbie wouldn't leave her things around everywhere," he said, grumblingly.

He tossed the book across to a table. The paper-cutter fell out of it, but landed by its side, where it balanced on one corner of the table-top. It was a cumbrous implement, somewhat after the fashion of a dagger, and it was smeared over with something that produced the effect of green bronze.

He went to the window and looked out before pulling down its shade; the window opened, after the manner of a door, on the side porch. A misty rain was falling—slight, but deadly chill, and through it there appeared the discolored flank of the stable, draped with the autumnal stringiness of its wild-cucumber vines.

The door of the room opened with a swift and sudden quiet, and a young man stepped in. His shoulders were covered with a thousand shimmering rain-globules, and his breath gave out a strong reek of brandy. It was Marcus.

"I want to see Mr. Brainard," he had said at the outer door to the strange servant-girl, and he had pushed straight by her without further word.

He stood there pale and tremulous; his eyes glittered like two knife points.

"I'm out again," he said. "I've got another chance, and I don't mean to lose this one."

His father turned on him with a fierce frown—a frown full of malevolent intention.

"It's you, is it?" He was silent for a moment. "Well, you can stay. I've been thinking about you lately. I can 'tend to two as well as one."

"You've been thinking about me lately, have you?" Marcus repeated. He spoke with a hardihood that came from draughts of brandy more than once indulged in. "You had better have thought of me before."

"I'm thinking to just as much purpose," his father declared, grimly. "I haven't been altogether in the dark," he went on, "about your goings and your doings. I know what you've been living on, and how you got it, and who put you up to it all. I know how you have been figuring on my dying, and preying on me before my dying; but I'm alive yet, and the next time you see that singing Canadian scoundrel you can tell him so. And I know all about your latest tactics, too. Do you see that?"

A pass-book was lying on his desk, and between its covers there was a packet of checks, bound by a rubber strap. He drew out the top check and extended it towards his son; he used his clumsy thumb and forefinger to keep a strong hold on one end of the paper—the end that bore the signature.

"You've seen it before, too, unless I'm mistaken," he went on, with a glance in which indignation was overlaid by a cruel sense of power and a cruel determination to use it. "You didn't expect it to get around to me quite so quick, did you?"

"I see it, yes," said the young man. "And I've seen it before. What of it?" He spoke like one who had nerved himself to this—and to more.

"What of it?" cried his father, in a sudden fit of rage. "There's this of it! Do you think I'm going to stand being stripped by a thieving scamp like you? Do you think I'm going to be bled, drop by drop, by a couple of infernal scoundrels? Oh, that whining about your drawing, and your not being allowed to go on with it! You can handle a pen all right enough! You can draw checks for me, and you can draw yourself to Joliet! That's the best place, all around, for both of us."

"I shouldn't mind meeting you there," said Marcus, with a contemptuous sneer. "*There* would be a 'couple,' sure enough—the only one *I* know anything about."

"Where is that wretch?" cried Brainard, seizing the youth by the arm. "You know; you do, too—you see him every day! Tell me where I can find him! He must be followed up. Let me get him, too, and put him where he belongs!"

"Keep off!" called his son; "keep off, you fool! I haven't seen him for a year, and I don't want to see him for another. It's you I want to see; you and Burt—brother Burt."

His eyes glittered with a sharpened anger, and his dilated nostrils quivered with the indignation that the thought of his elder brother always aroused.

"I want to see the vice-president of the Underground National. I want to see the bridegroom who got half a million on his wedding-day. And I want him to see me. I want him to have a look at the poor devil who has been knocking around from pillar to post for the last two years, who has hidden in dives, and who has been dragged through the slums, and who has been driven from the variety stage, and has served his time more than once. Let him feel the difference; let me help him to feel it!"

"Your own blame!" cried his father. "You had the same chances, and threw them all away. And you'll serve another term now—a longer one."

"I guess not," said Marcus. He looked about the room with a sharp and wary eye. It might have been thought that he sought at once both means of offence and means of escape.

There was a rap on the door; Burt's voice was heard outside.

"Here's Mr. Freeze, father. I suppose he can come right in."

Marcus reared his head suddenly.

"It's Burt!" he trumpeted. "He's here! he's here!" He sprang towards the threshold and clamped his long fingers about his brother's throat. Burt's head struck with force against the wide jamb; he half fell, and his legs and arms writhed in company with his brother's.

"Get them apart, Freeze; get them apart," called Brainard, with a loud roar. "Am I going to see Burt strangled before my very eyes?"

Marcus released his grip and staggered back into the room. He reared himself pantingly against the table. His face was deadly pale, and the perspiration was starting out in beads beneath the dark disordered locks that lay on his forehead. The screaming of women's voices was heard in the corridor outside, and the light hastening of women's feet.

"Three to one!" panted Marcus. "It's a plot! it's a trap! I know you, Freeze. I see through all of you. But three ain't enough. You can't do it; no!"

Abbie Brainard came rushing through the hall. She reached the threshold and paused there to see her brother catch up her paper-cutter from the table, plunge it into her father's neck, and break through the window, and to hear his nimble feet clatter escape down the stairs of the side porch.

Brainard fell heavily against the marble slabs of the fireplace. Blood soaked his high old-fashioned collar and trickled down the pleats of his shirt front. He lay there stunned and bleeding, and lifeless—as it seemed.

His huge bulk was gotten laboriously to bed—half dragged, half lifted. He lay there for a fortnight, between life and death.

The doctor came, and with the chill gray of the first dawn came the nurse. It was to be a hand-to-hand struggle, and all the forces were engaged at once. The nurse spent the first half-hour of uncertain daylight in bringing order out of the chaos that had established its instant sway in the old man's room on the evening before. She raised or lowered the shades, adjusted the transom, quieted the fire, and arranged her bottles and bandages. She wore the dull uniform of a public institution; and she was accustomed to carry this uniform at a moment's notice into strange places and among strange people. She accepted her assignment blindly, and took up its details afterwards.

She seemed of a rather rugged, stolid build, but her eyes were eloquent with a haunting sorrow. It was as if time had redraped her figure with the flesh that sorrow and suffering had once stripped from it, but had been powerless to reclothe her spirit in its pristine hope and cheerfulness.

She stood at the window, endeavoring to get her bearings in the early light of the dim morning. The lilacs and syringas in the yard showed the crinkled brownness of latest autumn. A boy was crossing and recrossing the street to put out its lamps; and in the second-story window of the stable the flickering of a single gas-jet was helping the coachman and hostler to make up his own bed.

Behind her she heard the heavy grunting breath of the sick man. Presently another sound mingled with it—a creeping and rustling sound that made its little track along the hall and across the threshold of the half-open door. She turned; a baby was on the floor beside her—a beautiful boy, with dusky, liquid eyes, and the beginnings of a poll of dark and curly hair. An inquiring pain plucked at her heart and set its signal in her eyes; she saw a resemblance that it was impossible to overlook. She cast a hungry and timorous glance about her, and presently, with a great yearning and a steadying resolve, Jane Doane was kissing Russell Vibert's child.

For this privilege she was indebted, in a sense, to Erastus Brainard. She had never been indebted to him for anything else.

The old man lay in a kind of stupor; his head had been seriously injured by his fall, and blood-poisoning of the most virulent type pointed to his inevitable end. He had occasional moments of recurring consciousness, and at such times he attempted, with the help of Abbie and of Freeze, to bring his affairs into order, and to dispose of his belongings by will.

The Ogden affair, meanwhile, stood still. No formal steps had been taken, and the young man had Fairchild's assurance that an accommodation was sure to be brought about.

The situation became known to the Bradleys—in its general outlines at least. They caught at the end and ignored the means, as would have been done by anybody else in their position. They considered that their friendliness towards Ogden had been misplaced and that their confidence had been betrayed. They preserved appearances with him through their daughter's final illness; and by a great effort that even produced an effect of a common suffering and a common sympathy at the funeral. But after that they never saw him again. The difficulty with the bank did not become public, but they considered themselves, all the same, no less disgraced than deceived.

The desperate illness of Brainard dragged itself along, meanwhile, and the house was saturated with gloom. Abbie assisted actively in the nursing; she watched in alternation with the first nurse and with the succeeding one. Cornelia was given an opportunity to put her hand to the household helm. As she said to herself, she was soon to manage a house of her own, and she might as well be brushing up her knowledge.

"And she has got to go with me," Cornelia said to herself for the twentieth time; "she can't live here after—*this*."

Cornelia had fought out many a fight during her year in this grisly old house; but she saw now that her intended campaign on behalf of Marcus was an impossibility, and that all the forces might as well be withdrawn from the field.

Nobody had seen the youth since that fatal night; nobody, that is, who had cared to make the fact known. Neither did anybody know where he was keeping himself, save the sister on whose night-watches he had once or twice stolen by way of the window through which he had made his escape from his brother and Freeze.

He came again—for a third and last time. It was one o'clock in the morning when she heard his light touch on the window. She hastened to him with her mouth set for a terrified whisper.

"Yes, I know it's dangerous, Abbie; I know I promised not to come again. But I can't help it—I've got to hear. How is—how are things going on to-night? Is there any improvement over yesterday?" He locked his fingers in a convulsive strain. "I thought they had laid a trap for me," he said, chokingly. "Just tell me yourself how it is, and after this you can send me word, as you have before. I won't come again, I promise you."

She threw herself on his breast and burst into an agony of tears. "No, you never will," she sobbed; "he is dying. There is no hope: he won't live till morning."

The young man trembled like an aspen; tears rolled out of his dark and hollow eyes. He tried to speak, but no word came. Then he clasped his sister in his arms and withdrew as he had entered.

The night, laden with anxiety and fear, dragged out its weary length. In the early morning the house resounded with a great cry. The dying man, in a brief moment of consciousness, half raised himself and heard the sound and the tidings thus conveyed. The word was passed from man-servant to maid-servant, and came to their master through the voice of a Swedish girl whose mind was capable of dealing with emotions only in the most primitive way, and whose imperfect command of English made her communication come with a horrible and harrowing directness. One second before Erastus Brainard fell back dead he knew that his son had hanged himself; the last picture that rose before his fleeting vision was that of his boy pendulous from the rafters of the stable, his slight body swinging to and fro, and his tongue protruding uglily from the purple-black of his face.

## XXIV.

The months passed by, and autumn came around once more.

Ogden's first year as a widower was lived with his mother; he used the same time to establish himself in the real-estate business, whose ins and outs he had now mastered in the bitter school of experience. He had left the Clifton altogether, and had established himself in another street and a different neighborhood. Every stone of the great pile seemed to have raised its tongue against him, and to have driven him out with the loud and insulting hubbub of its angry clamor. He had no wish ever to see again the room in which he had first met his wife, the room in which he had wrestled with his brother-in-law, the room in which disgrace had forced him to bow his head. Bradley lay in wait for him in the court, Jane Doane dogged him through the long corridors, Marcus Brainard rose up as a pallid spectre within the entranceway. He left the building for once and for all. The placards that he placed on vacant tenements and the signs that he caused to be reared on open corners in the suburbs directed inquirers to a street and number quite different from any near his old neighborhood.

Within this year Cornelia Tillinghast Brainard had moved into her new house and had moved out again. For three poor months she occupied her French Renaissance château on the Lake Shore Drive, and then she gave it up forever. In vain her anxious plannings of chambers and stairways, her long waitings for the slow finishing of the carved oaks and walnuts of her vast interiors; in vain (for the present, at least) her lofty aims in the direction of social distinction. For Burt with his father was one man, and Burt without his father was another. He had relied upon the elder's advice more than he had realized, and he had felt the steadying and restraining power of his father's hand to a greater degree than he would have been willing to acknowledge. When he came to act for himself and by himself, the difference soon became apparent. He operated in a variety of directions; he was confident and daring and ambitious, and one day he risked all and lost all.

His failure swept away everything of his and nearly everything of his sister's. Abbie had come into the new house along with Burt and Cornelia—no great urging had now been required to induce her to abandon the house on the West Side. She led the same retired and quiet life in the one quarter that she had led in the other, save that she never felt otherwise than utterly strange and forlorn. And as she had placed herself in her brother's house, so she put a great part of her share in her father's estate into her brother's hands, when ruin came and every available resource was required. She had never used much money; she may not have realized the gravity of her sacrifice. Perhaps, too, she had hoped to rest her disappointed soul on something that money could not buy.

To Cornelia the failure came as a sudden and awful blow. Considering the brief time at her disposal, she had made a distinct impression on society. A great many people of consequence came to her house and invited her to theirs. They laughed at her freedoms and familiarities; they enjoyed her picturesque and untrammelled phraseology. Some of the more insatiable invited her twice. She encountered but one decided check; this was from Mrs. Floyd.

The ship of the Floyd household, now navigating regardless of its customary dependence on the distant admiral of the whole Floyd fleet, was tossing in shallow yet stormy waters; there were not lacking indications that it was occasionally grazing bottom, and there was a notion abroad that it might presently beach or founder. Mrs. Floyd therefore manned the helm with more than her customary caution. For one thing, she set the ship's chronometer by lo-

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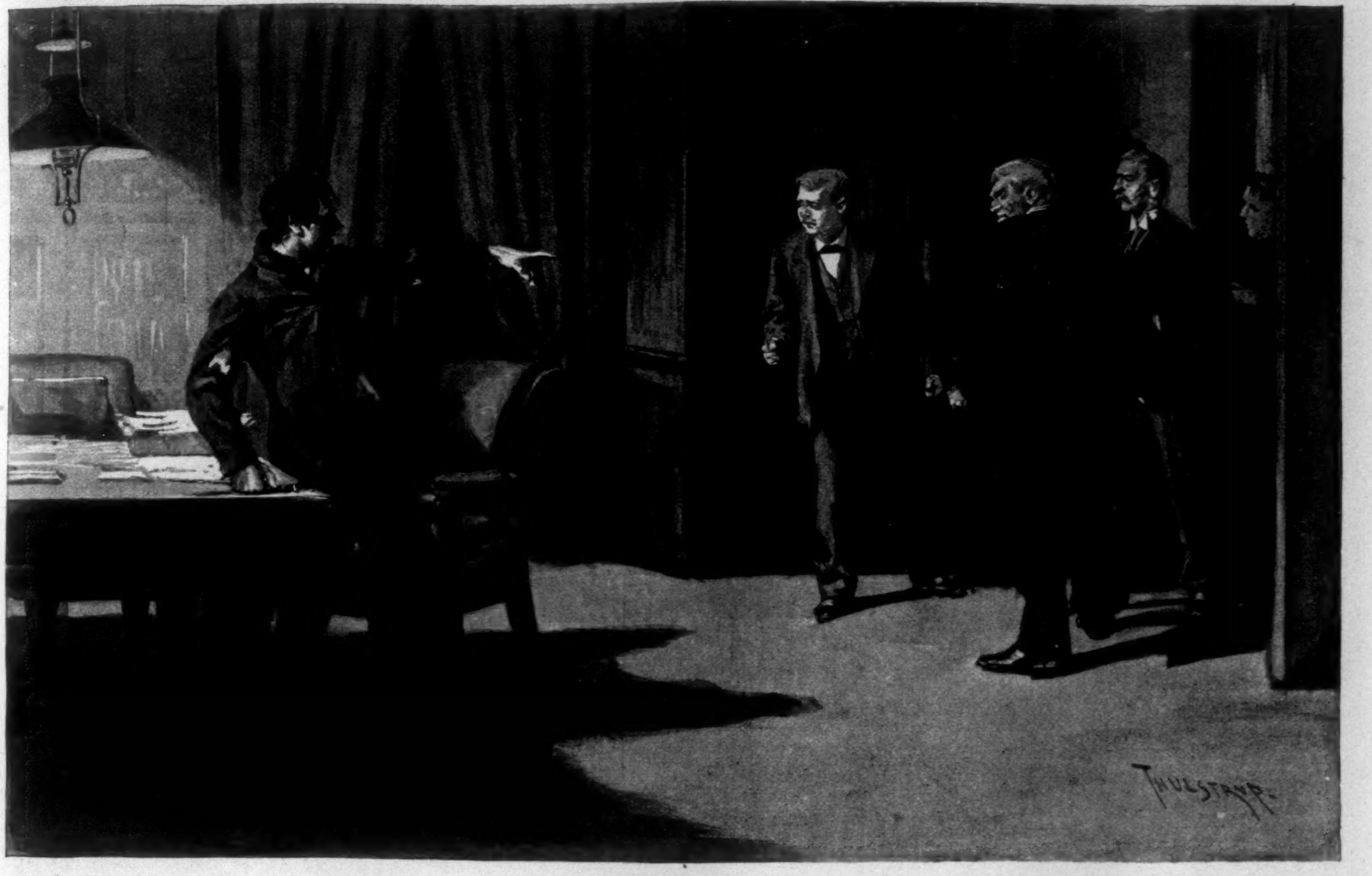
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1902.



"'THREE TO ONE!' PANTED MARCUS, 'IT'S A PLOT!'"

cal time. That is to say, her own watch, which had now been giving the time of Boston for the last three years (and she had become very expert in the deducting of the hour and some minutes of difference) came to be set by the hour of Chicago. For another thing, she must think twice before speaking every strange craft—such a one, for example, as that propelled by the Brainards. She did think twice, and concluded to remain silent.

"Huh!" said Cornelia; "all because I worked in her husband's office, and she met me there! Thank goodness, I wasn't allowed to have my wish and work for Ingles, too! I'll fetch things around, though, you see if I don't; and I'll capture Cecilia Ingles yet!"

Abbie, along with many other persons and things, became a mere piece of driftwood in the general wreck of her brother's fortunes. She swirled and eddied about for some time through a succession of boarding-houses, and after a while she found refuge in the latest home that her sister had made. She found her new brother-in-law a good-humored and well-disposed fellow. Briggs had established his family in the old neighborhood on the West Side, and readily admitted Abbie; he made no more objection to his sister-in-law than he had made to his sister-in-law's nephew.

Ogden saw nothing of them, heard nothing of them. He merely went around in a quiet way among a few old friends, and he dropped in at frequent intervals on the faithful Brower. Brower was sometimes at home and sometimes away; the fire fiend still kept him on the move. One late September evening, after an interval of a month or more, Ogden repaired again to the house which had once been their common home, and found Brower just back from Minnesota.

He was seated on his trunk, the rigors of whose cover he had softened by the doubled folds of a striped travelling-wrap. He had his brier-wood pipe in his mouth and a book in his hand. It was a paper-bound volume; the back cover was missing, and there was exposed to view the fine, close tabulation of the books composing a well-known "library."

"Well, my dear fellow," cried Brower, rising and grasping his hand, "how are you? Say, I believe you're looking better. Here, put yourself in the light where I can have more of a chance at you."

George stood immovable, and Brower jerked out the elbowed gas jet, so as to make the light fall upon his visitor's face. It fell on his visitor's head, too, and the whole brown head was sprinkled with silver.

Ogden put his two palms on his temples, and spread out his hands until the finger-tips met over the part in his hair.

"There are more," he said, with a smile of quiet sadness; "don't count them again."

"I won't," said Brower. He drew away his eyes, but threw his arm over the other's shoulder. "I've had quite a trip this time," he went on, in the tone which we employ when contriving a light diversion. "Been away out into Dakota—Bismarck, Mandan, Yankton, Sioux Falls. I was at the Falls one Sunday."

"Is that any great place to spend Sunday?"

"Lots of folks go there to spend a few Sundays—twelve or fourteen Sundays—and the week-days between. On the evening of *my* Sunday I went to church."

"I've known you to go to church on Sunday evenings before. Service any different from any other?"

"It was a song service. Don't you suppose the poor creatures waiting along out there in Sioux Falls have got to have their little consolations? Ain't music the great consoler?"

"They *were* consoled, then?"

"Oh yes, indeed! the principal consoler had been there himself. He sang tenor."

"Better tenor than the average?"

"Good deal better. The most touching, pathetic tones I ever heard. He sang the 'Angel's Serenade,' with another man playing the violin. It was affecting. One poor lady near me, with a sort of Eastern look about her, just caught up the child in the pew by her side and burst right out crying. I was all broke up myself."

"That's a good song," declared Ogden. "I always like to hear it."

"You've heard it before, then? At St. Asaph's, perhaps?"

"At St. Asaph's; yes."

"Well," said Brower, "the man you heard sing it at St. Asaph's was the man I heard sing it at Sioux Falls."

"Vibert?"

"Vibert."

George dropped his eyes; he had no wish to pursue the theme further. "What have you there?" he asked. He indicated the book that Brower had left lying on top of the trunk.

"Oh, nothing special. It's just one of those cheap novels. I was merely running it through to see if he really did marry the right one in the end. Might have done it in the first place as well as not." He passed the book to Ogden wrong side up. "I guess it's yours, by rights—one you left behind when you moved out."

Ogden turned the book over and read the title. It was, *A False Start*.

He started. He blushed. "Yes, perhaps it is," he stammered. He held it awkwardly in his hand for a moment. Brower watched him curiously, yet sympathetically. "Yes," Ogden repeated, in a bold, firm voice, "it *is* mine." He put it in his inside pocket and buttoned his coat.

"Oh, come," cried Brower, trying to throw a veil of jocularity over his earnestness, "that isn't fair! I've got to finish it. I've got to know whether he did or didn't. Anyway, let me see the end."

"There is no end," said Ogden, soberly. "Or if there is, it has come."

"Then I can only guess." Brower looked at him with a studious anxiety in his brown eyes. "He made a mistake, sure enough, but I think he sets it right. Yes, I think he sets it right."

Ogden's eyes sought the floor.

"No; he abides by it."

"He *can* set it right," said Brower, gravely; "and if he can, he ought."

"Not now; not after—everything. Let bad enough alone."

"Make bad enough better," cried Brower. "Is he the only one to be considered? Upon my word," he went on, with a nervous attempt at lightness, "we are getting these great truths down finer and finer. A couple of years ago we agreed that marriage concerned but two people; now we are finding that it concerns only one. The question simply is—which one?"

"The one who would be most exposed to injury," said Ogden, with a distant mournfulness in his face and voice.

"There are different kinds of injury; there is the injury of commission, and there is the injury of omission. Sometimes the last is harder—on a woman. Why not let the victim choose her own particular woe? Why not be generous enough to give her an opportunity?"

"Not now," groaned Ogden. "You don't know. Not after all—that's happened."

"Well, then," continued Brower, with kindly perseverance, "out goes generosity. Now bring in selfishness and give *that* a chance. What is our hero going to do? Must there be more sorrow for him, more suffering, more self-punishment, and everlasting dissatisfaction generally? What is he made of? Can he stand it? If so, how long? And if he does, why should he?"

"Brower, Brower!" Ogden cried; "not another word if you care for me—if you care anything at all for me!" He crossed his arms on the table and bowed his head upon them.

Brower passed his hand softly over this head and said no more. He was a patient husbandman; he would sow the good seed and wait for the harvest.

Ogden took the book home with him. He fluttered its leaves a few times; then he sat down on the edge of his bed and read the title-page for an hour. The next night he read it some more and dreamed about it. The next night he was reading it still, and he lay awake thinking of it until daylight.

On the following evening he took the old familiar way to the West Side.

He found Abbie Brainard at home alone. Mary and her husband had gone out, and the baby had been put to bed.

Abbie was sitting in the half-gloom of one small lamp; the parlor was a little room, and a rather cheap and ugly one. But the lamp, thanks to its beflowered shade, was discreet and reticent in the disclosure of unprepossessing detail; besides, twenty lamps would not have had power to divert his thoughts from the channel through which they were now coursing.

On his entrance she started up to light the gas. She looked pale and worn, and older than he would have believed possible. But he looked older, too, and felt much older than he looked. The light beat down upon his silvered hair, and heightened the glance of pitying surprise that shone from her eyes.

In this increased illumination he saw that fortune had left her, as well as her youth and beauty, as well as the father whose life he had felt to make their union impossible, and whose memory might still keep it so. But she herself, in her own essence, was before him—the same courage, the same resolution, the same tenderness and fidelity. And in him she saw the only man she had ever seen, or had ever cared to see.

To her he came as a messenger of pity to heal the wounds that knavery and scandal and violence had hacked upon her quivering heart. A messenger of pity, yes; but could he, by any possible chance, find her worthy of the pity that was akin to love?

To him she appeared as the victim of his own faint-heartedness and faithlessness. After all that he had done to wring her heart, could he venture upon the crowning indignity of offering her his tarnished name?

To her he stood there as a tower of refuge—a tower from whose summit the swathing fogs might be cleared away by the warm breath of trust and confidence, and whose smirched walls—if smirched indeed they were—might be purified by the tears of love and the fingers of forgetfulness.

To himself he lay before her as a heap of crumbling and smoke-stained ruin. Every stone cried out for the cleansing power of pity and for the firm and friendly hand that was to rear them all again to their pristine use and comeliness.

The clock had struck eight as he entered; it was striking eleven as he rose to go.

"Not yet," she said, softly. She pressed him back into the depths of his great easy-chair, and, leaning upon its rounded and padded arm, she looked down upon him.

"You take me, then, as I am?" he asked her, soberly.

"How else do you take *me?*"

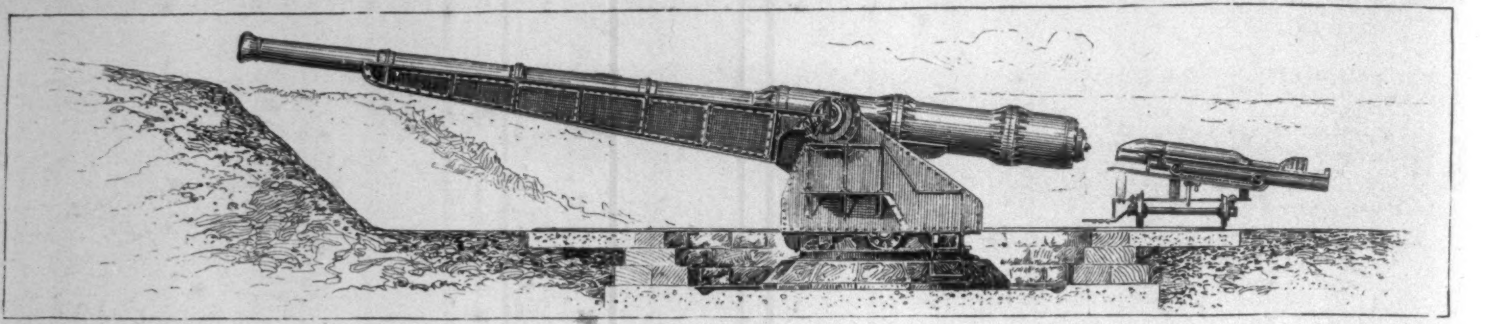
He raised his hand to his head. "There will be more of them," he said. "They tell me I shall be white at forty."

"How many of them are mine?"

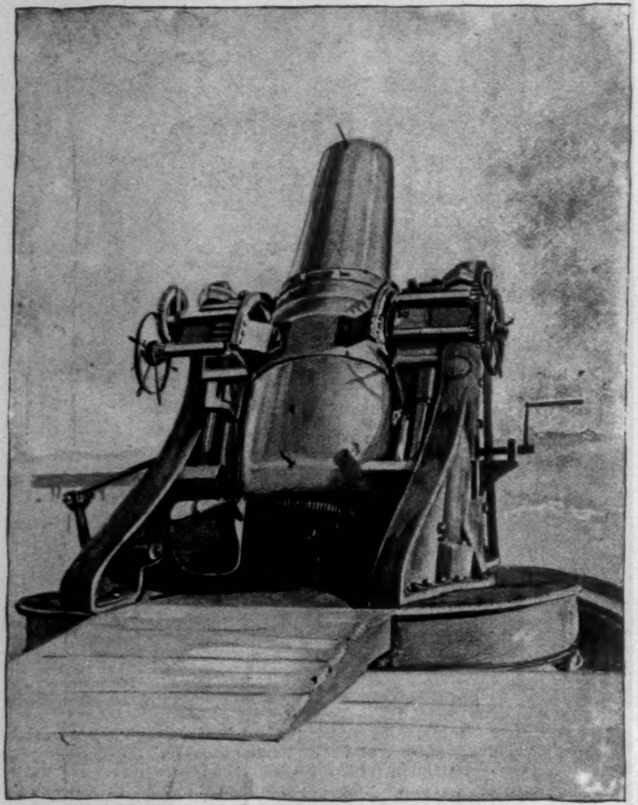
He pressed her hand. "Not one, not one! Or, no," he continued, with a stronger pressure, "they are all yours—do with them as you please." He felt something warm drop on his head and trickle down his temples. "Yes, that is the best thing to do," he said. "To think," he added, with a tender seriousness, "that you might have saved me from them—from every one!"

They were married within a month, and they began their married life in the same house in which he had begun his

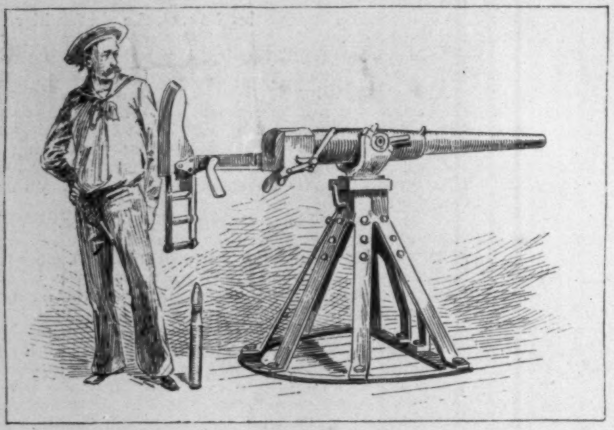
(*Continued on page 794.*)



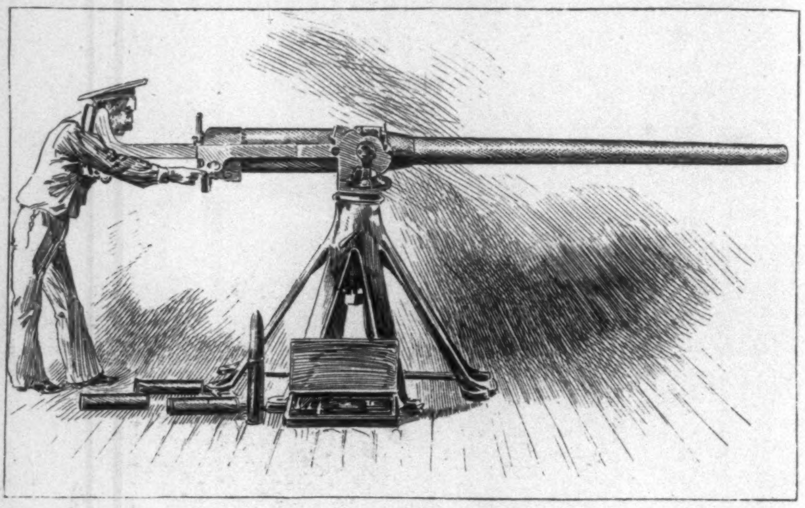
15-INCH PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE SEA-COAST GUN.—LENGTH OVER ALL, 50 FEET.



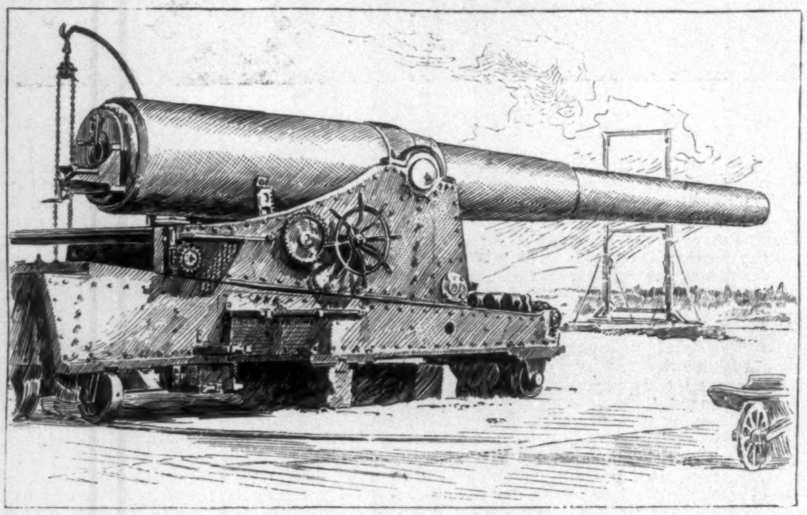
12-INCH BREECH-LOADING MORTAR (UNITED STATES).



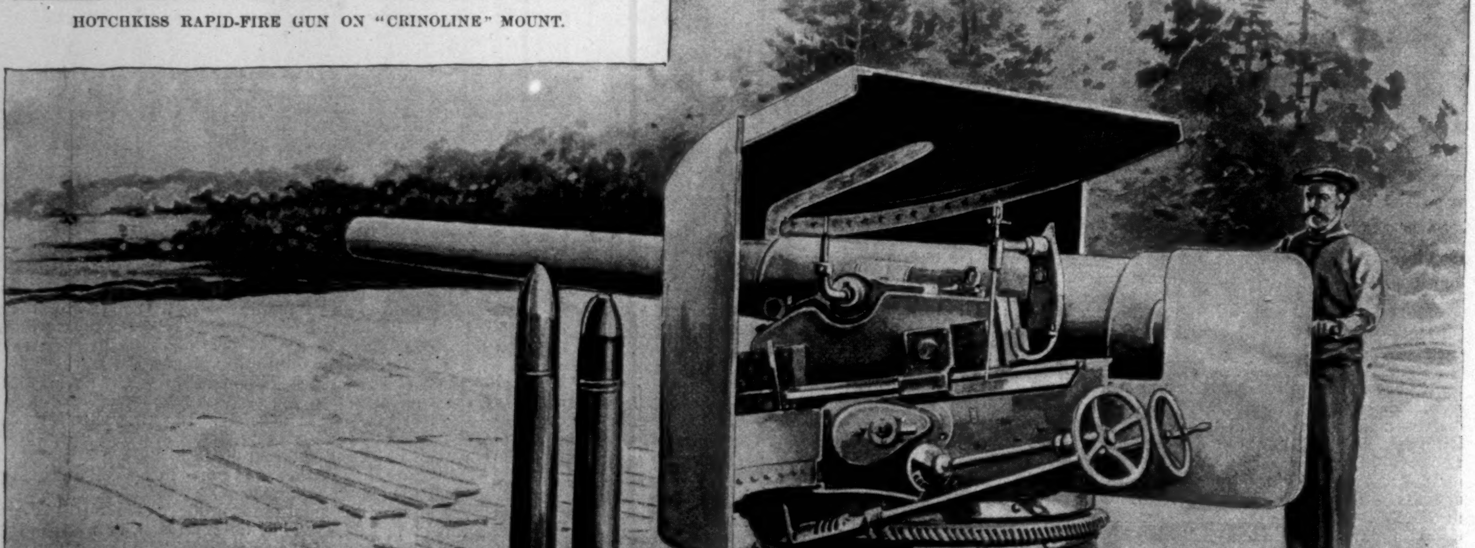
HOTCHKISS RAPID-FIRE GUN ON "CRINOLINE" MOUNT.



DRIGGS-SCHROEDER RAPID-FIRE GUN.

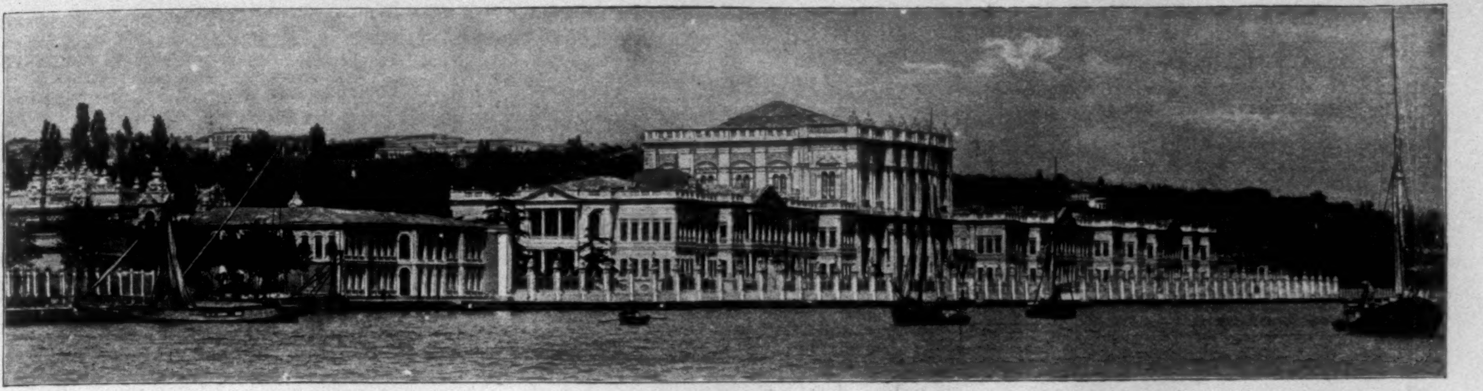


10-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE (UNITED STATES).

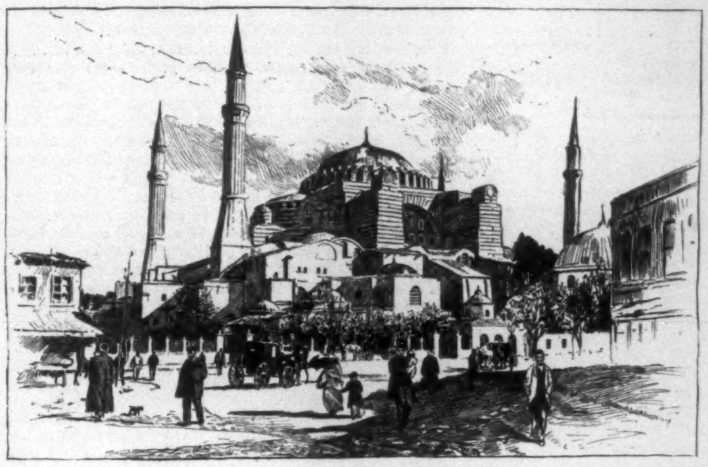


A KRUPP RAPID-FIRE GUN.

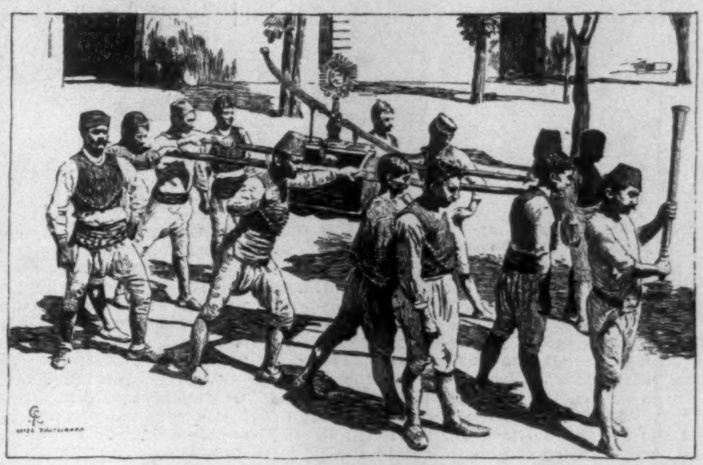
FIRING SEA-COAST GUNS AT UNSEEN TARGETS.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 797.]



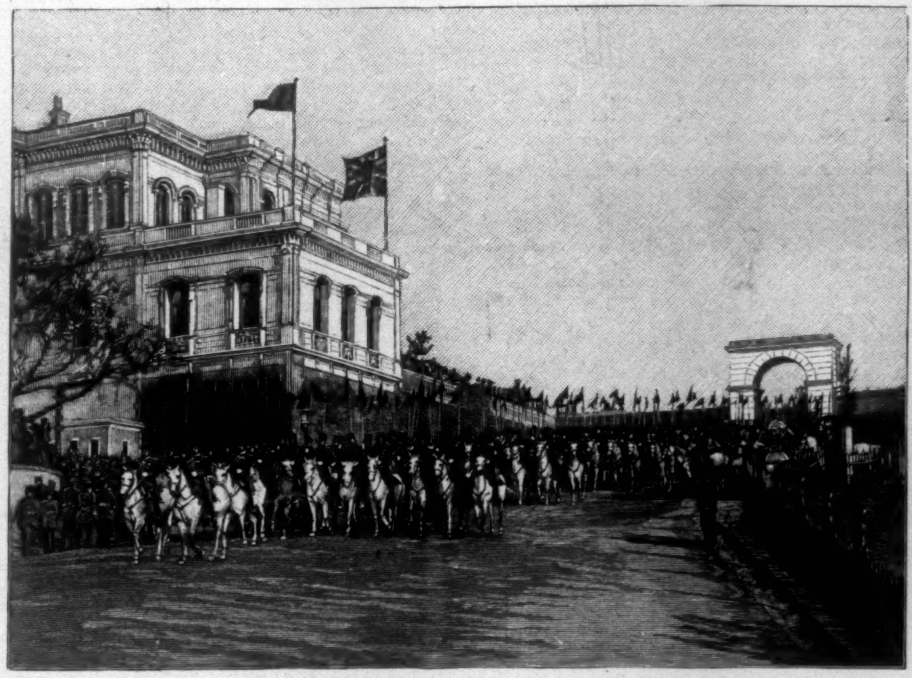
ONE OF THE SULTAN'S PALACES ON THE BOSPORUS.



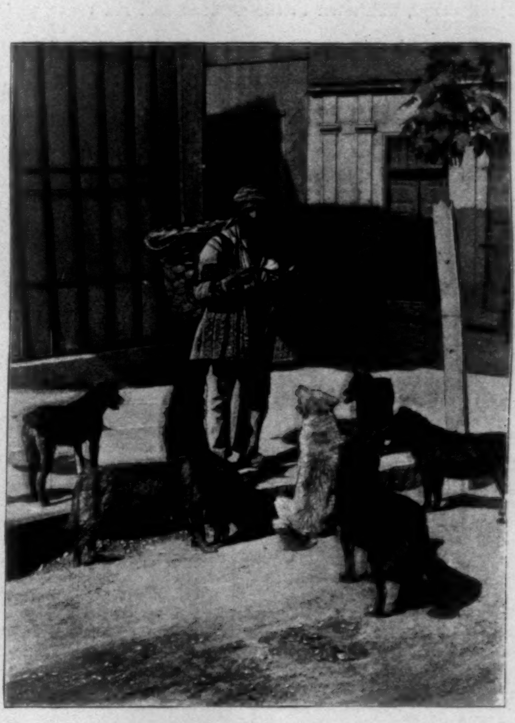
EXTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.



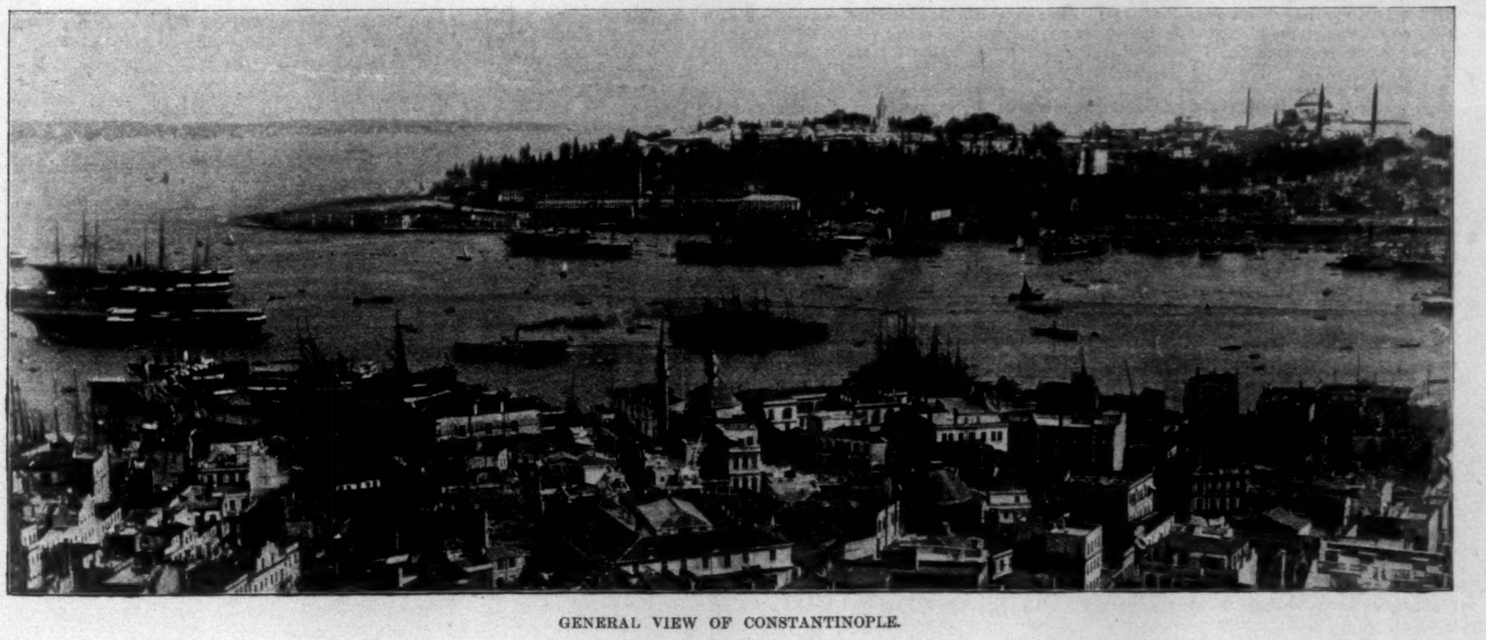
A FIRE COMPANY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



GUARD OF CAVALRY PRECEDING THE SULTAN TO THE MOSQUE.

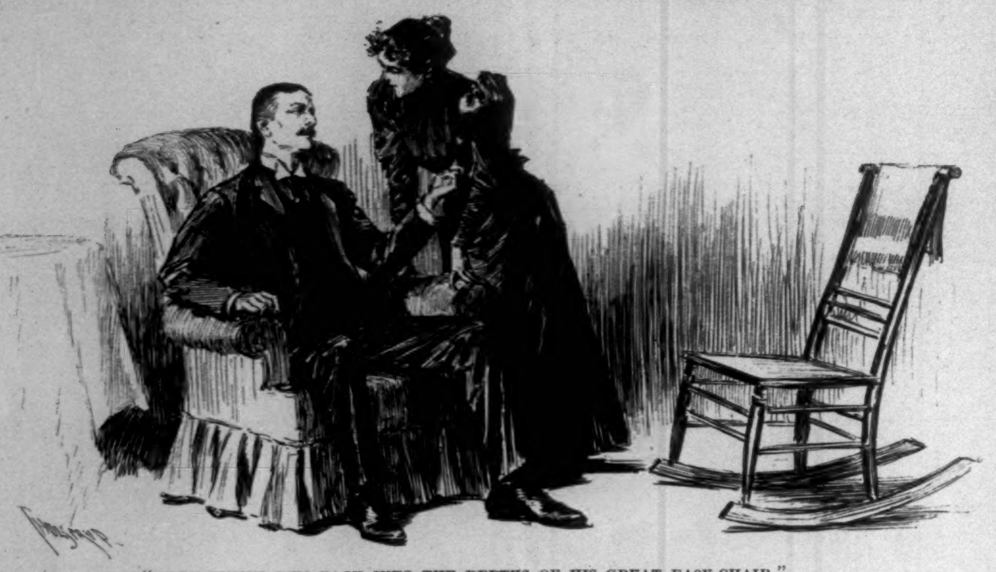


STREET DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—[See “Rulers of the Mediterranean,” Page 794.]



"SHE PRESSED HIM BACK INTO THE DEPTHS OF HIS GREAT EASY-CHAIR."

(*Continued from page* 791.)

Western life as a bachelor. Mrs. Gore's kindliness still survived, after the hard rubs of three years of city life, and she spread her sympathetic interest over her new couple with an unstinted hand.

Their wedding involved no social celebration, unless we note their participation in one of a series of great public functions that sometimes mark the early winter. This took place in a vast hall that was luminous in ivory and gold. They sat before a wide curved frame brilliant with a myriad points of light, and listened to the united endeavors of many voices and instruments to please the four thousand people about them. Ogden and his wife had taken places in the balcony. They had toned down existence to a quiet gray; they recognized the middlingness of their lot. Cornelia and her husband, unknown to the Ogdens, had seats on the floor beneath.

One box in the two long parallel rows remained vacant during the first and second acts. As the prelude to the third act began among the violins the box was claimed. A party of four entered.

"There she is," said Cornelia to herself, in her place on the main floor. "Just you wait. Burt's smart and I'm careful, and we shall catch up to you yet!"

"Who are those people?" asked Abbie, turning towards her husband. "Who is the gentleman with gray hair?" She was beginning to admire her husband's own.

The two ladies of the party had seated themselves; the two gentlemen were busy with their own and their companions' wraps in the back of the box.

"That is Mr. Atwater, the architect. The lady in yellow is his wife. The tall, brownish man, just handing the glass, is Mr. Ingles; he owns the—the Clifton."

"And the other lady?" his wife continued. She indicated a radiant, magnificent young creature, splendid, like all her mates, with the new and eager splendor of a long-awaited opportunity. This new-comer had nodded smilingly to many people on entering—to her neighbors on either side, to a large dinner party that filled three boxes across the house. She seemed pleased to have so many persons to bow to so publicly; and everybody whom she favored seemed equally glad of an opportunity to return her attention.

Ogden looked at her, and turned his eyes away.

"I—I have never seen her before," he said. "I don't know who she is," he appeared to imply.

But he knew perfectly well who she was. He knew that she was Cecilia Ingles, and his heart was constricted by the sight of her. It is for such a woman that one man builds a Clifton, and that a hundred others are martyred in it.

THE END.

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# THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

## VII.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

A LITTLE Italian steamer drew cautiously away from the Piræus when the waters of the bay were quite black and the quays looked like a row of foot-lights in front of the dark curtain of the night. She grazed the anchor chains of H. M. S. the *Colossus*, where that ship of war's broad white deck lay level with the water, as heavy and solid as a stone pier. She seemed to rise like an island of iron from the very bottom of the bay. Her sailors, as broad and heavy and clean as the decks, raised their heads from their pipes as we passed under the glare of the man-of-war's electric lights, and a bugle call came faintly from somewhere up in the bow. It sounded as though it were a quarter of a mile away. Our lower deck was packed with Greeks and Albanians and Turks, lying as closely together on the hard planks as cartridges in the front of a Circassian's overcoat. They were very dirty and very handsome, in rakish little black silk pill-box caps, with red and gold tops, and the initials "H. I." worked in the embroidery; their canvas breeches were as baggy and patched and muddy as those of a football-player, and their sleeveless jackets and double waistcoats of red and gold made them look like a uniformed soldiery that had seen very hard service. Priests of the Greek Church, with long hair and black formless robes, and hats like stove-pipes with the brim around the upper end, paraded the narrow confines of the second cabin, and German tourists with red guide-books, and the Italian ship's officers with a great many medals and very bad manners, stamped up and down the main-deck and named the shadowy islands that rose from the sea and dropped out of sight again as we steamed past them. In the morning the islands had disappeared altogether, and we were between high banks—higher than, but not so steep as the Palisades; rows of little scrubby trees ran along their fronts in lateral lines, and at their base mud forts with mud barracks and thatched roofs pointed little cannon at us from every jutting rock. We were so near that one could have hit the face of the high hills with a stone. These were the Dardanelles, the banks that nature has set between the Sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean to protect Constantinople from Mediterranean squadrons. We pass between these banks for hours, or between the high bank of Roumelia on one side and the low hilly country of Asia where Troy once stood on the other, until, at sunset, we are halted in the narrowest strait of the Dardanelles, between the Castle of Asia and the Castle of Europe, "the Lock of the Sea"—that sea of which Gibraltar is the key. That night we cross through the Sea of Marmora, and by sunrise are at Constantinople.

Constantinople is such a long word, and so few of the people you know have visited it in comparison with those who have wintered at Cairo or at Rome, or who have spent a season at Vienna, or taken music lessons in Berlin, that you approach it with a mind prepared for surprises and with the hope of the unexpected. I had expected that the heart of the Ottoman Empire would be outwardly a brilliant and flashing city of gilded domes and minarets, a cluster of colored house fronts rising from the dancing waters of the Bosporus, and with the banks lined with great white palaces among gardens of green trees. There are more gilded domes in New York city and in Boston than in Constantinople. In New York there are three, and in Boston there is the State House, which looks very fine indeed from the new bridge across the Charles when the river is blocked with gray ice, and a setting sun is throwing a light on the big yellow globe. But Constantinople is all white and gray; the palaces that line the Bosporus are of a brilliant white stucco, and the mosques, like monster turtles, that give the city its chief distinction, are a dull white. In the Turkish quarter the houses are more sombre still, of a peculiar black wood, and built like the old log forts in which our great-great-grandfathers took refuge from the Indians—square buildings with an overhanging story from which those inside could fire down upon the enemy below. The jutting balcony on the Turkish houses is for the less serious purpose of allowing the harem to look down upon the passers-by. Constantinople is a fair-weather city, and needs the sun and the blue sky and the life of the waters about it, which give to the city its real individuality. It misses in winter the pleasure-yachts of the summer months, the white uniforms of the thousands of boatmen, and the brighter dressing of the awnings and flags of the ships and steamers.

But the waters about Constantinople are its best part, and are fuller and busier and brighter than either those around the Battery or those below the Thames Embankment, and by standing on its wide wooden bridge, over which more people pass in a day than over any other (save London Bridge) in the world, one can see a procession of all the nations of the East. Constantinople is a much more primitive city than one would expect the largest of all Eastern cities to be. It impresses you as a city without any municipal control whatsoever, and you come upon a building with the stamp of the municipal palace upon it with as much surprise as you would feel in finding an underwriter's office at the north pole. In many ways it is the most primitive city that I have ever been in. In all that pertains to the Sultan, to the religion of the people, of which he is the head, and to the army, the recognition due them is rigidly and impressively observed. But in what regards the local life of the people there seems to be absolutely no interest and no responsibility. There is no such absolute power in Europe, not excepting that of the Czar or of the young Emperor, as is that exercised by the Sultan; and the mosques of the faithful are guarded and decorated and held more highly in reverence than are many churches of a more civilized people; and the army impresses you as one you would much prefer to lead than one from which you would elect to run away. But the comfort of the inhabitants of Constantinople is little considered. There is nothing that one can see which would engender a desire to remain in the city; there is no "public spirit," unless building a mosque and calling it after yourself, in a city already supplied with the most magnificent of such temples, can be called public-spirited. Of course one does not go to Constantinople to see electric lights and asphalt pavements, or to gather statistics on the poor-rate, but it is interesting to find people so nearly in touch with the world in many things, and so far away from it in others. As long as I do not have to live in Constantinople, I find its lack of municipal spirit quite as interesting a feature of the city as its mosques.

Constantinople, for example, is a city with as large a population as has Berlin or Vienna, and its fire department is what you see in the picture accompanying this article. They are very handsome men, as you can note for yourself, and very smart-looking, but when they go to a fire they make a bargain with the owner of the building before they attempt to save his property. The great fire-tower in this capital of the Ottoman Empire is in Galata, and from it watchmen survey the city with glasses, and at the first sight of a blazing roof one of them runs down the tower and races through the uneven streets, calling out the fact that a house is burning, and where that house may be. Each watchman he meets takes up the cry, and continues calling out that the house is burning, even though the house is three miles away, until it burns down or is built up again, or the watchman is retired for long service and pensioned. Besides these amateur firemen there are two real fire companies, but they can do little in a city of 880,000 people.

The police who guard Constantinople at night are an equally primitive body of men. They carry a heavy club, about five feet long and as thick as a man's wrist, and with this they beat the stones in the streets to assure people that they are attending strictly to their work, and are not sleeping in doorways. The result of this is that no one can get to sleep, and all evil-minded persons can tell exactly where the night-watchman is, and so keep out of his way. The watchman under my window seemed to act on the idea of the gentleman who, on taking his first trip on a sleeping-car, declared that if he couldn't sleep no one else should, and acted accordingly.

There is nothing, so far as I can see, in which the Oriental delights as much as he does in making a noise. It is most curious to find a whole people without nerves, who cannot talk without shouting, and who cannot shout without giving you the idea that they are in great pain, and that unless relief comes promptly they will die, and that will be your fault. Those of them who sell bread or fruits or fish or beads, or whatever it may be, in the streets, bellow rather than shout, or cry in sharp, agonizing shrieks, high and nasal and fierce. They apparently never "move on." They always meet under your window or at the corners of a street, and there all shout at once, and no one pays the least attention to them. They might be lamp-posts or minarets, for all the notice they receive. I can imagine no fate or torture so awful as to be taken ill in Constantinople and have to lie helpless and listen to the street cries, to the tin horns of the men who run ahead of the street cars—which incidentally gives you an idea of the speed of these cars—and to the snarling and barking of the thousands of street dogs.

There are three or four intensely interesting ceremonies and many show-places in Constantinople which are unlike anything of the same sort in any other city. Apart from these and the bazars, which are very wonderful, there is nothing in the city itself which makes even the Oriental seek it in preference to his own mountains or plains or native village. Constantinople, so far as its population is to be considered, is standing still. It impresses you as stagnant before your statistical friend or the oldest member of the diplomatic corps or the oldest inhabitant tells you that this is so. You can very well imagine the Frank's finding a long residence in Cairo possible, or in pretty little Athens, where the boulevards and the classics are so strangely jumbled, but one cannot understand a man's settling down in Constantinople. Where there are no women there can be no court, and the few rich Greek residents and still fewer of the pashas and the diplomats make the society of the city. Even these last find it far from gay, for it so happens that the ambassadors are all either bachelors, widowers, or the husbands of invalid wives, and the result is a society which depends largely on a very smart club for its amusement. In the winter-time, when the snow and rain sweep over the three hills, and the solitary street of Galata is a foot deep in slush and mud, and the china stoves radiate a candlelike heat in a room built to let in all the air possible, I can imagine few less desirable places than the capital of the Ottoman Empire. This is in the winter only; as I have said, it is a fair-weather city.

There are three things which one is taken to see in Constantinople—the mosque of St. Sophia, the treasures of the Sultan, and the Sultan going to pray in his own private mosque. The Sultan's own mosque is situated conveniently near his palace, not more than a few hundred feet distant. Once every Friday he rides this distance, and once a year journeys as far as the mosque of St. Sophia. With these outings he is content, and on no other occasions does he show himself to his people or leave his palace. This is what it is to be a sovereign of many countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the head of the Mussulman religion, to rule nations and lands conquered by your ancestors, of which you see less than a donkey-boy in Cairo or the owner of a caïque on the Bosporus. We used to sing in college,

"The Sultan better pleases me;
His life is full of jollity."

The jollity of a life which the possessor believes to be threatened by assassination in every form and at any moment is of a somewhat ghastly nature. You obtain tickets for the Selamlik, as the ceremony of the Sultan's visit to his mosque is called, and you are requested, as you are supposed to be the guest of the Sultan on these occasions, not to bring opera-glasses. But it is nevertheless strongly suggestive of a theatrical performance. The mosque is on one side of a wide street; the houses in which the spectators sit, like the audience in a grand stand, is on the other. One end of the street is blocked by a great square, and the other by the gateway of the palace from which the Sultan comes. The street is not more than a hundred yards in length. A band of music enters first and plays the overture to this ceremony. It is mounted on horseback and followed by a double line of cavalrymen on white horses, and each carrying a lance at rest with a red pennant. There are thousands of these; they stretch out like telegraph poles on the prairie to an interminable length, their scarlet pennants flapping and rustling in the sharp east wind like a forest of autumn leaves. You begin to suspect that they are going around the square and returning again many times, as the supers do in *Ours*. Then the horses turn black and the overcoats of the men change from gray to blue, and more scarlet pennants stretch like an arch of bunting along the street leading to the palace, until they have all filed into the open square and halt there stirrup to stirrup, a moving mass of 4000 restless horses and 4000 scarlet flags. And then more bands and drums and bugle calls come from every point of the city, and regiment after regiment swarms up the hill on which the palace rests, the tune of one band of music breaking in on the tune of the next, as do those of the political processions at home, until every approach to the gate of the palace is blocked from curb to curb with armed men, and you look out and down upon the points of five thousand bayonets crushed into a space not one-fifth as large as Madison Square. There is no populace to see this spectacle, only those of the faithful who stop on their way to Mecca to catch this glimpse of the head of their religion, and a few women who have brought petitions to present to him are allowed within the lines of soldiers.

But pashas and beys and other high dignitaries are arriving every moment in full regalia, for this is like a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, or a levee at St. James's, and every one must leave all other matters to attend it. Twenty men with twenty carts rush out suddenly from the curtain of Zouaves and sailors, and scatter soft gravel on the fifty yards of roadway over which the Sultan intends to drive. They remind you of the men in the circus who spread sawdust over the ring after the horses' hoofs have torn it. And then, high above the heads of the nine thousand soldiers and the few thousand more dignitaries, diplomats, and spectators, a priest in a green turban calls aloud from the top of the minaret. It is a very beautiful cry or call in a strong sweet tenor voice, inexpressibly weird and sad and impressive. It is answered by a bugle call given slowly and clearly like a man speaking, and at a certain note the entire nine thousand soldiers salute. It is done with a precision and shock so admirable that you would think, except for the volume of the noise, that but one man had moved his piece. The voice of the priest rises again, and is answered by triumphant strains of brass, and the gates of the palace open, and a glittering procession of officers and princes and pashas moves down the broad street, encircling a carriage drawn by two horses and driven by servants in gold. At the sight of this the soldiers cry, "Long live the Sultan," three times. It is like the roar of a salute of cannon, and has all the feeling of a cheer. The Sultan sits in the back of the open carriage, a little, thin, tired-looking man, with a hooked nose and black beard. He is dressed in a fur overcoat and fez. As he passes, the men of his army —and they *are* men—salute him, and the veiled women stand on tiptoe behind them and stretch out their petitions, and the pashas and chamberlains and cabinet officers bend their bodies and touch the hand to the heart, lip, and forehead, and drop it again to the knee. The pilgrims to Mecca fall prostrate on their faces, and the Sultan bows his head and touches his hand to his fez. Opposite him sits Osman Pasha, the hero of the last war, and one of the greatest generals of the world, his shoulders squared, his heart covered with stars, and his keen observant eyes wandering from the pale face of his sovereign to the browned, hardy-looking countenances of his men. The Sultan remains a half-hour in the mosque, and on his return drives himself back to the palace in an open landau. This was the first time I had seen the Turkish soldier in bulk, and he impressed me more than did any other soldier I had seen along the shores of the Mediterranean. I had seen the British troops repulse an imaginary attack upon the rock of Gibraltar, and half of the Army of Occupation in Egypt dislodge an imaginary enemy from the sand hills around Cairo, and I had seen French and Italian and Greek soldiers in lesser proportion and in lesser activity. But to me none of these had the build or the bearing or the ready if rough look of these Turks. The French Zouaves of Algiers came next to them to mind, and it may be that the similarity of the uniform would explain that, but as I heard the Sultan's troops that morning marching up the hills to their outlandish music, and looked into eyes that had never been shaded from the sun, and at the spring and swing of legs that had never worn civilized trousers, I recalled several notable battles of past history, and the more recent lines of Mr. Rudyard Kipling where he pays his compliments to the Russian on the frontier.

> "I'm sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
> I'd be sorry to cause him pain;
> But a h—l of a spree
> There is sure to be
> When he comes back again."

The Oriental is one of those people who do things by halves. He has a fine army, but the bulk of his navy has not left the Golden Horn for many years, and it is doubtful if it could leave it; his palace walls are of mosaic and wonderfully painted tiles, and the roofs of rusty tin; his sons are given the questionable but expensive education of Paris, and his daughters are not allowed to walk abroad unless guarded by servants, and with the knowledge that every policeman spies upon them, knowing that, could he detect them in an indiscretion, he would be rewarded and gain promotion. Consequently it does not surprise you when you find the Sultan's treasures heaped together under dirty glass cases, and treated with the indifference a child pays to its last year's toys.

The crown-jewels and regalia kept at the Tower, itself under iron bars and guarded by Beef-eaters, are not half as impressive as are the jewels of the Sultan, which lie covered with dust under a glass show-case, and guarded by a few gloomy-looking effendis in frock-coats. All the presents from other monarchs and all the gifts of lesser notables who have sought some Sultan's favor, all the arms and trophies of generations of wars, are piled together in this treasury with less care than one would give to a rack of pipes. It is a very remarkable exhibition, and it is magnificent in its Oriental disregard for wealth through long association with it. Bronze busts of emperors, jewelled swords, imperial orders, music-boxes, gun-cases, weapons of gold instead of steel, precious stones, and silver dressing-cases are all heaped together on dusty shelves, without order and classification and without care. You can see here handfuls of uncut precious stones on china plates, or dozens of gold and silver pistols thrown in a corner like kindling-wood. And the most remarkable exhibition of all is the magnificent robes of those Sultans who are dead, with the jewels and jewelled swords and belts and insignia worn by them, placed on dummies in a glass case, as though they were a row of stuffed birds or specimens of rock. In the turbans of one of these figures there are pearls as large as a woman's thumb, and emeralds and rubies as large as eggs, and ropes of diamonds. This sounds like a story from the *Arabian Nights;* but then these are the heroes of the *Arabian Nights*—the Sultans who owned the whole northern coast of Africa, and who spent on display and ornament what we put into education and railroads.

The Mosque of St. Sophia is one of the first things you are taken to see in Constantinople. It is to the Mussulman what St. Peter's is to the good Catholic, although Justinian built it, and the cross still shows in many parts of the great building. Three times during the year this mosque is illuminated within and without, and every good Mussulman attends there to worship.

There is something very fine about the religion of Mohammed—you do not have to know much about it to appreciate the faith of its followers, whether you know what it is they believe or not. In their outward observance, at least, of the rules laid down for them in the Koran, they show a sincerity which teaches a great lesson. You can see them at any hour of the day or in any place going through their devotions. A soldier will kneel down in a band stand, where a moment before he has been playing for the regiment, and say his prayers before two thousand spectators; and I have had some difficulty in getting my trunks on the Orient Express, because the porters were at another end of a crowded noisy platform bowing towards the East. Once a year they fast for a month, the season of Ramazan, and as I was in Eastern countries during that month I know that they fast rigidly. Ramazan begins in Egypt when the new moon appears in a certain well near Cairo. Two men watch this well, and when they see the reflection of the new moon on its surface they run into Cairo with the news, and Ramazan begins. There is nothing which so well illustrates the unchangeableness of the East and its customs as the sight of these men running through the streets of Cairo, with its dog-carts and electric lights, its calendars and almanacs, to tell that the moon has again reached that point that it had reached for many hundreds of years before, when all the faithful must fast and pray. On one of the last days of Ramazan I went to the door of St. Sophia, and was led up a winding staircase in one of its minarets—a minaret-tower so broad and high that the staircase within it has no steps, but is paved smoothly like a street. It seemed as though we had been climbing nearly ten minutes before we stepped out into a great gallery, and looked down upon thousands of turbaned figures bowing and kneeling and rising again in long rows like infantry in close order. Between these worshippers and ourselves were fifty circles of floating tapers swinging from chains, and hanging like a smoky curtain of fire between us and the figures below. The voice of the priest rose in a high uncanny cry, and the sound of the thousands of men falling forward on their faces and arms was like the rumble of the waves breaking on the shore. Outside, the tops of minarets were circled with lights and lamps strung on long ropes, with the ends flying free, and swinging to and fro in the night wind like necklaces of stars. This was the most beautiful of all the sights of Constantinople; and as a matter of opinion, and not of fact, I think the best part of Constantinople is that part of it that is in the air.

Before ending this last article of this series of articles on the Mediterranean I should like to make two suggestions to the reader who has not yet visited the Mediterranean and who thinks of doing so. Let him not be deterred, in the first place, by any idea of the difficulties of the journey, for he can go from Gibraltar all along the northern coast of Africa and into Greece and Italy with as little trouble and with as much comfort as it is possible for him to make the journey from New York to Chicago. And in the second place, should he go in the winter or spring, let him not be misled by "Italian skies," or "the blue Mediterranean," or "the dancing waters of the Bosporus," into imagining that he is going to be any warmer on the northern coast of Africa than he is in New York. I wore exactly the same clothes in Italy that I wore the day I left the North River blocked with ice, and I watched a snow-storm falling on "the dancing waters of the Bosporus." There are warm days, of course, but it is well to follow that good old-fashioned rule in any part of the world, that it is cold in winter and warm in summer, and people who spend their lives in trying to dodge this fact might as well try running away from death and the postal system. To any one who has but a little time and a little money to spend on a holiday, I would suggest going to Gibraltar, and from there to Spain and Morocco. This is the only place, perhaps, in the world where three so widely different people and three such picturesque people as the Moor, the British soldier, and the Spaniard can be found within two hours of one another. Morocco, from political causes, is less civilized than any other part of the northern part of Africa; and it can be seen, and with it the southern cities of Spain and the Rock of Gibraltar, in five or six weeks, and at a cost of a very few hundred dollars. This was to me the most interesting part of the Mediterranean, chiefly, of course—for it possesses few of the beauties or monuments or historical values of the other shores of that sea—because it was unknown to tourists and guide-books. A visit to the rest of the Mediterranean is merely verifying for yourself what you have already learned from others.

## A DILEMMA IN ETHICS.

**Mr. J. Asboy Smith**, of West Ipswich, Connecticut, the well-known inventor, finds himself in a curious predicament. Owing to the inadequate protection furnished to inventors by our patent laws, Mr. Smith is far from well-to-do, in fact is in very straitened circumstances. Although many of his inventions are in general use, and have made fortunes for other people, Mr. Smith is confined to the threadbare and bread-and-water existence common to most poets and inventors. Pie is an unusual luxury in the Smith household, and the family is rarely represented at the annual visits of the circus.

In addition to being an inventor, Mr. Smith is a good citizen and a consistent Baptist. Just now he finds those two estimable qualifications opposed to his financial success in his chosen work. His latest invention, the complete details of which he rigidly refuses to make public, is a device to be applied to any button—shoe, shirt, overcoat, or otherwise—for the purpose of attaching it securely to its appropriate garment. It does away entirely with the necessity for needle, thread, thimble, or female assistance. It accomplishes its work instantaneously, and can be used by the most inexpert and awkward-fingered bachelor. This invention, it will be seen, is calculated rapidly to amass a fortune for its owner.

But just here is where Mr. Smith's perplexity arises. He has read much in the newspapers about the increase in the number of clubs and their comforts. He has read about bachelor apartment-houses and their luxuries. He has also read about the consequent alarming decrease of the ratio of marriages to population. He sees wealth within his grasp, but also sees that the Smith Automatic Button would remove one of the primal causes of matrimony. With it in general use no man would feel obliged to marry.

Mr. Smith's temptation is great, but he believes that wedlock is a divine institution. With St. Paul he holds that matrimony should be honorable among all men, and he believes that it is not well for man to live alone. Therefore he cannot bring himself to aid and abet the present tendency to make marriage less necessary. But he knows of many estimable Baptists and good citizens like himself who derive portions of their incomes from the rental of bachelor apartments. In weak moments it seems to him that he may safely follow their example.

In these days of lax consciences Mr. Smith's scruples are most creditable to him. He has submitted the entire question to the elders of the Ipswich Baptist Tabernacle, and we hope for Mr. Smith's sake they will take a broad and liberal view of the question. Their decision will be awaited with much interest.

James S. Metcalfe.

## THE SPECIAL SESSION.

**There** were many old familiar faces on the floor of the House when the Clerk mounted the rostrum and called the members to order in special session on the 7th of August. There was Judge Holman, of Indiana, just beginning his fifteenth term, without whose slim figure and grizzled face the House would not seem complete; and his contemporary, Charlie O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, with the reputation of knowing every voter and having kissed every baby in his Congressional district. And there was also big Tom Reed, of Maine, his smooth baby face wreathed in smiles, moving with elephantine tread across the floor to hold out his plump hand to a political enemy. Presently these two will meet in debate, and Mr. Reed will take his opponent's scalp off and hang it at his belt; but he will do it so neatly and so smilingly that he will leave no personal rancor behind. There was Blair of New Hampshire, blond of beard and soft of voice, translated from the Senate to a Chinese mission which he never filled, and now restored to a place in the House by an urgent constituency, as he tells us through the Congressional Directory.

Bland of Missouri would not miss this session for five good years of his life. He stands the most determined defender of silver and of the dollar which bears his name. He does not look like a man of much weight, with his insignificant figure, his close-cropped beard framing rather pronounced features, and his dull eyes looking out beneath a pair of heavy eyebrows. He has a nasal twang in his voice which is far from musical. But he knows the silver question as very few men do, and he is an expert in the rules of the House.

There is Hatch, another Missourian, with a big body and a big good-natured face, perpetually a candidate for high appointive place, and perpetually disappointed, guarding the farmer's interest with pure-food bills and anti-option bills and all sorts of paternal measures which infringe the rights of the little Populist following. Chief of the Populists in interest is the sage of Medicine Lodge, the immortal Jerry Simpson

Not the least famous of the New-Yorkers on the floor is the hero of the Chicago Convention, Bourke Cockran, the silver-tongued Irishman who thought that Cleveland could not carry New York. The New-Yorkers make up in brains what they lack in stature. There is John R. Fellows, less than five feet eight inches tall, but with brains enough for two such men. Amos Cummings is not far away, prepared to repeat his great feat of presiding over the House of Representatives while he eats a piece of pie from one hand and writes a syndicate letter with the other. He is the best of the "old prints" on the floor, and there are a good many of them who stood at the case not many years ago.

Smooth-cheeked Tim Campbell furnishes the comedy element in the New York delegation. He is the originator of that phrase so general in the polite world to-day, but which he first made at Secretary Whitney's, "Sure there's no flies on that dinner." If you knew Tim in politics you would not be surprised to hear that his cousin Jim is one of the shrewdest bankers in the city of St. Louis. Tim's time for many days will be devoted to the denial of that slanderous report that he is writing a novel of Washington life.

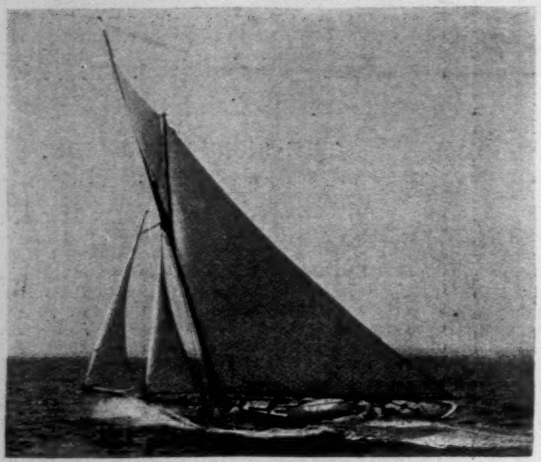
There is a face familiar to the older members, but strange to those who came first to the last Congress. It is a grizzled, weather-beaten face, fringed with a heavy beard, well pointed. It is the face of the veteran "Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, who was defeated for election to the Fifty-second Congress after eighteen years of continuous service. He has a pleasant word for all his old friends, and they are many. There is another survivor of that notable revolution of 1890 in Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, gray-bearded and round-shouldered. When he went out of the Fifty-first Congress it was only a question of time when he would return. He has friends all over the House, for his campaigning has taken him to the remotest corners of the United States.

Oates of Alabama leads one of the Southern contingents, his empty sleeve attesting his courage in war, his firm expression and steady eye telling of his independence in legislation. He is prepared to stop the wheels of Congress again, unless the rules are changed, to prevent any piece of legislation that he individually opposes. Bynum of Indiana, the hero of the mace during the stormy time of Tom Reed's rule as Speaker, is not far away. He was writing a book a few years ago, but it has not been heard from since. John C. Black, of Illinois, who was at the head of the Pension Office during Mr. Cleveland's first term, is a familiar figure to most of the members, though this is his first term in Congress. He should be of immense service to the Democratic party in the threatened revision of the pension list and laws. Then there is courtly Colonel Hooker, of Mississippi, another one-armed veteran of the Confederate army, the embodiment of the spirit of the "true Southern gentleman." Near him is General Dan Sickles, of New York, the hero of a hundred offices and of a good many hard fights. His empty trousers leg will match Mr. Hooker's sleeve. Hooker's colleague, Secretary Herbert, will be missed. So will the colleague of Speaker Crisp, Mr. Cleveland's "paramount" representative, Mr. Blount.

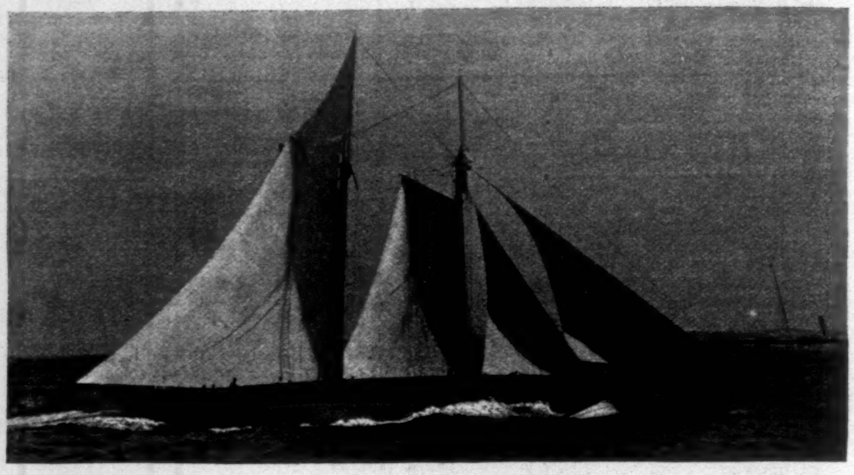
Mr. Boutelle of Maine is on hand, looking as much like a sad sea-dog as ever, and quite as well prepared to splice the main-brace or to discuss the question of armored cruisers *vs.* line-of-battle ships. There are many familiar faces and figures, and there are many "budding" statesmen whose fame may date from the meeting of the extra session of the Fifty-third Congress.

George Grantham Bain.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FLEET AT THE RENDEZVOUS, GLEN COVE.

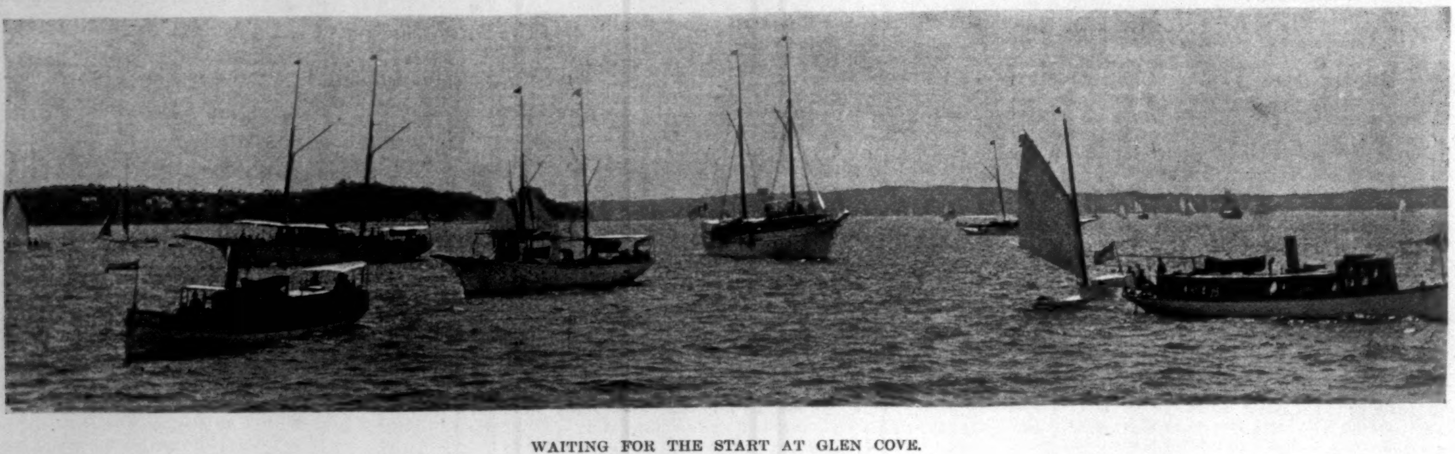


"QUEEN MAB" NEARING THE MATINICOOK POINT MARK ON THE SECOND LEG.

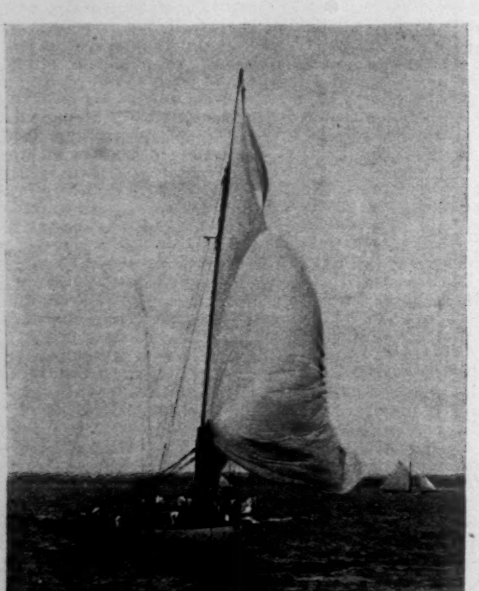


THE "ARIEL,"
Winner of Commodore Cups for Schooners.

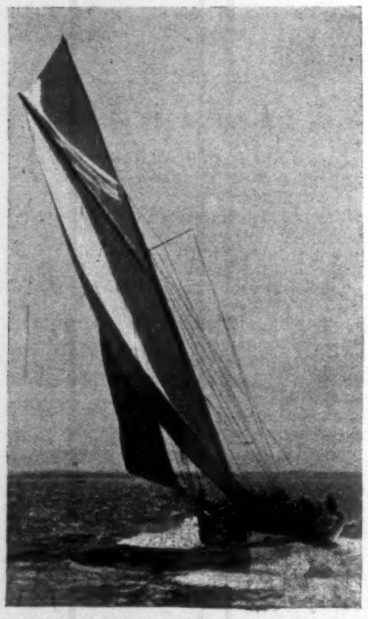
*Vigilant.* Flagship *May.* *Queen Mab.*
START OF THE SLOOPS.



WAITING FOR THE START AT GLEN COVE.



THE WRECKED "VIGILANT."
Clearing away for the Return to Glen Cove.

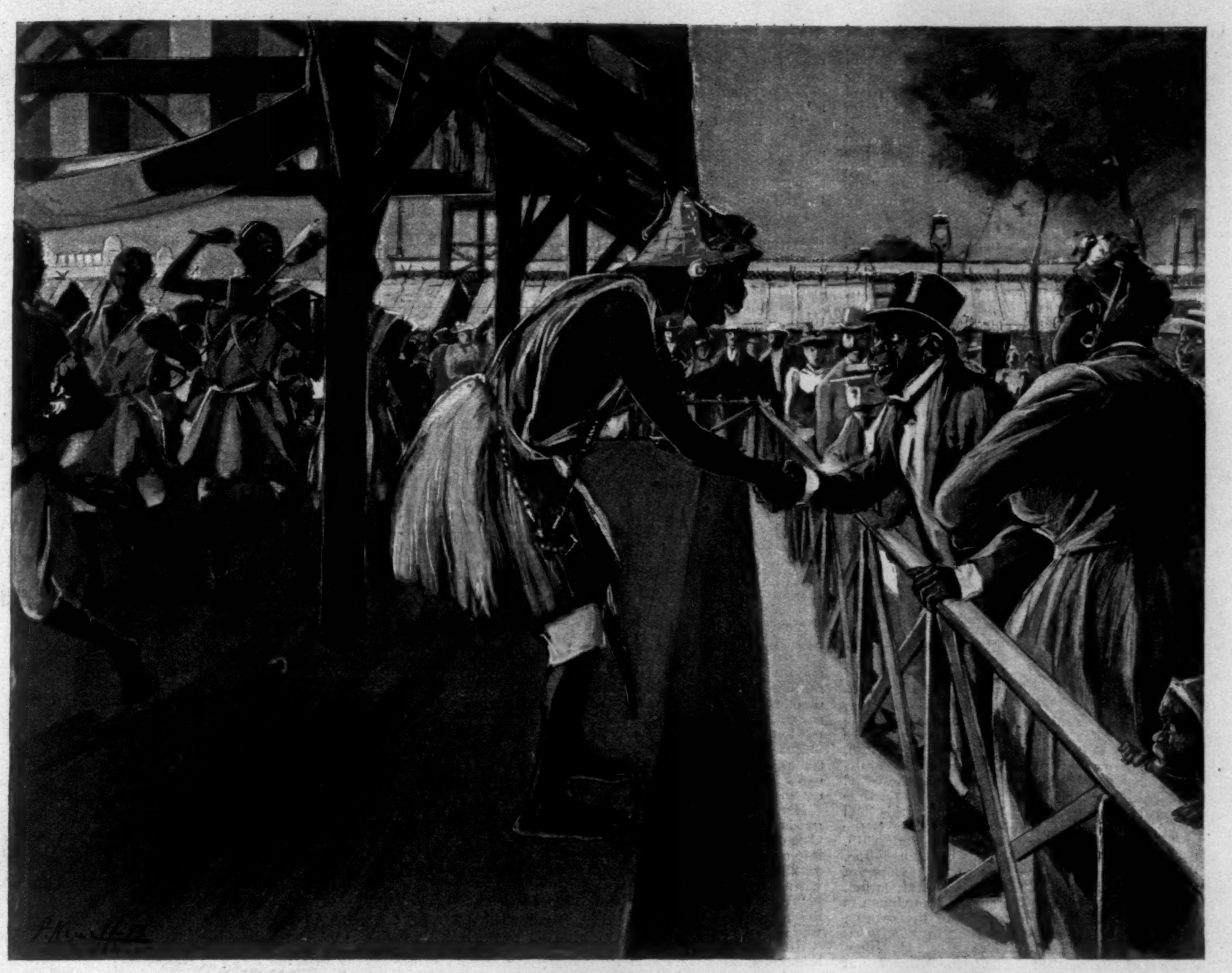


THE "COLONIA" ROUNDING THE MATINICOOK POINT MARK.
Winner of Commodore Cup for Sloops.

THE WRECKED "VIGILANT."
Bowsprit and Topmast gone.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE AND CUP RACES.

The Rendezvous at Glen Cove and Races for Commodore Cups.—From Photographs by N. L. Stebbins.—[See "Amateur Sport."]



THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISIT THE DAHOMAN VILLAGE.

MRS. JOHNSON. "EZWELL JOHNSON, STOP SHAKIN' HAN'S WID DAT HEATHEN! YOU WANT DE HULL FAIR TER T'INK YOU'S FOUND A POO' RELATION?"

## FIRING SEA-COAST GUNS AT UNSEEN TARGETS.

IT is not the custom, I believe, for a sportsman who is anxious for a large bag to shut both his eyes just as he is aiming at the birds, nor for the expert rifle-shot to expect to make a long string of bull's-eyes off a target that he cannot see. Yet when Uncle Sam's artillerymen use their great guns against an enemy's men-of-war they will have to aim their pieces at unseen targets, and the reason for this is readily seen.

A philosopher is said to have asked, "What good is a man when his wife is a widow?" Uncle Sam, when brought face to face with the rapid strides made in recent years in the manufacture of death-dealing weapons—the deadly small-calibre rifles and rapid-fire guns—has had to ask himself the question, "What good is a gunner if he doesn't live long enough to discharge his gun?"

Let us take a look at the modern types of battle-ship and cruiser. Mounted along the rail and upon the upper deck you see a row of revolving cannon and rapid-fire guns, some discharged by the revolution of a crank, and others by pulling a trigger, exactly like a pistol. Up aloft, on the top of the artillery-masts, are platforms protected by steel barbettes, over which peer more rapid-fire guns, with Gatlings to help them out. So when the ship has cleared for action, while the big guns below are hammering away at the turrets and casements of the defence, trying to batter in their sturdy sides, a bluejacket, standing behind each rapid-fire and machine gun, is watching like a cat for any stray head that may appear in the fort; and from these guns will pour such a deadly storm of bullets, shell, and shrapnel that a gunner will not live long enough to pull a lanyard, much less to load and aim his piece. It then becomes necessary to devise a scheme which will provide at the same time for the protection of the cannoneers and the accurate pointing of the guns. As yet no complete system of range and position finding, as it is called, has been officially adopted by the War Department, but the following excellent method, devised by Captain Chester, of the Third United States Artillery, will give the reader an idea of the general principles involved.

In the proposed system for the defence of our coast the 16-inch steel breech-loading rifle, the largest gun that we propose to make, will be mounted in an iron turret. These guns are enormously expensive, and it would be poor policy to have one of these costly weapons disabled by a stray shot; so they will be placed in chilled-iron turrets, made cupola-shaped to deflect the enemy's projectiles, and revolved by steam or electric power. The 14-inch and 12-inch rifles are to be mounted in armored casemates—galleries or chambers in the parapet of a fort, the exterior of which is protected by heavy armor. The cannon are fired through embrasures or openings in the parapet, built of such dimensions that the guns may be aimed freely, and at the same time protection be secured for the cannoneers. Finally, our least expensive ordnance—the 10-inch and 8-inch rifles, which cost only $30,000 and $15,000 respectively—are mounted in barbette; that is, the guns are placed behind a parapet, generally made of earth with a core of rubber or concrete, and fired over the top, without any overhead protection. To secure this protection the gun-carriages are either placed on movable platforms, which are raised by hydraulic or steam power when the gun is to be fired, and lowered immediately after the discharge, or the piece is mounted on a disappearing carriage, so contrived that the gun is raised into its firing position, generally by counterpoise weights, and the recoil carries it back again below the parapet, in position to be again loaded and aimed.

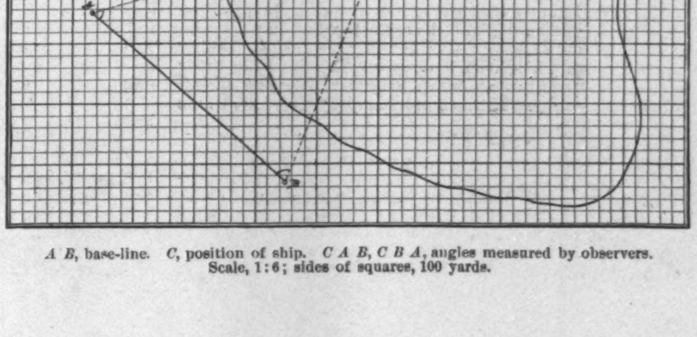
In all of these cases it is plain that the gunner cannot see his target. If his piece be mounted in a turret or casemate, his field of view is limited by the area of the embrasure, and a whole fleet could manœuvre with impunity under the grim noses of his guns, provided they kept out of the small space visible from his place behind his piece. Why does he not make his embrasure larger? Those keen-eyed bluejackets behind the rapid-fire guns would soon find out this weak point in the defence, and when they had once obtained the range, it is safe to say that the gunner would fire but few more shots in that engagement. In the barbette batteries the pieces have to be loaded and aimed behind the parapet, and unless the cannoneers have eyes that can see through seventy-five feet of earth, they must fire at random, with as good a chance of hitting their own floating defences as of disabling the enemy. What, then, is our gunner to do? He cannot use his own eyes, so he has recourse to the eyes of science.

Let us suppose that in the year 1895 England and the United States, falling foul of each other again on the Bering Sea question, lose their tempers, reject all ideas of arbitration, and declare war. John Bull prepares at once for a descent upon our coasts, and Uncle Sam loses no time in making ready to give him a warm reception.

At Fort Farragut, commanding the approaches to the harbor of Portsville, final preparations are being made for the defence of the position against the English fleet. Some years before, under the provisions of a general order issued by the War Department, the commanding officer of the fort had detailed a young lieutenant, fresh from his drawing-board at West Point, to make an accurate and complete map of the harbor. This map is divided into squares by horizontal and vertical lines, and these squares—the sides of which represent a hundred yards—are then numbered, so that the position of a ship in the harbor is at once made known by giving the number of the square in which she lies. Tables are next prepared showing the distance in yards from the centre of each square to every gun in the fort, and the elevation necessary to be given the gun that its projectiles may reach any square.

Two points determining an imaginary line, called the "base-line," are selected, from which a clear and unobstructed view of the whole harbor may be obtained, and the distance between these points accurately measured. At each end of the base-line bomb-proof covers and steel conning-towers are erected, so that under their shelter the observers and telegraph operators may do their work undisturbed by the enemy's fire. Each station is supplied with telegraph and angle-measuring instruments. When this has been done the determination of the position of the enemy's ships is an easy matter. The commander of the fort telegraphs to the observers at the base ends, "Ready to observe the battle-ship *Nelson.*" Each observer turns his telescope on the indicated ship, an electric bell rings a signal from the commander, the angles are read off and telegraphed at once to the central station. Here the adjutant lays off the indicated angles from each end of the base-line marked on the chart of the harbor, and the point of intersection of the lines making these angles with the base-line falls in the square where the vessel was at the time of observation. A glance at the diagram will make this clear.

All these things having been prepared, the day now comes when the lookouts on the headlands telegraph the news of the coming of the English fleet. High above the works, in his conning-tower, sits the commander of the fort, his eye at the telescope and his finger on the electric button, controlling and directing every officer and man, every gun and mortar, in the defences. Telegraph and telephone wires run from this central station through heavily protected conduits to the observing stations and batteries. In the room below the tower are stationed the adjutant and his assistants, ready to collect and distribute throughout the works the information that comes clicking from the stations at the ends of the base-lines. Let us go down into this battery at the right of the works, where four 12-inch guns are standing in an armored casemate waiting for the signal from the central watch-



*A B*, base-line. *C*, position of ship. *C A B*, *C B A*, angles measured by observers. Scale, 1:6; sides of squares, 100 yards.

tower to play their important part in the general scheme of defence. The first relief of cannoneers has finished loading, and the men are standing about the guns, clothed only in shirts and trousers, and with arms bared to the elbow, for the work of manœuvring these great guns is onerous and exhausting. Hand-cars are lumbering down the track from the shot-sheds and storage magazines to discharge the barrels of powder and the 1000-pound projectiles into the service magazine between the guns. Here the magazine-service men are busy knocking in the heads of the barrels, weighing the charges, and tying up the powder in cartridge-bags. At the two guns on the right of the battery a boyish-looking lieutenant is making a last inspection of the mechanism of the carriages, while another officer, in charge of the left pieces, is giving his final directions to two artillery sergeants standing at attention before him. From under the arches of the casemate in rear peer the anxious faces of the soldiers of the second and third reliefs, drawn from their rest by the silent solemnity of the scene and the weird attraction that danger seems to have for all men. You will notice that the circular iron plates bolted to the gun-platform, on which the wheels of the carriage run, are graduated into degrees and minutes, with the zero point of the scale distinctly marked. By means of these traverse circles, as they are called, the gunner is enabled to give the proper direction to the piece, moving it so many degrees and minutes to the right or left, according to the directions received from the captain.

Behind the bullet-proof sides of his conning-tower sits the captain of the battery, waiting for his target to be indicated to him by the commander of the fort. In front of him is spread out the chart of the harbor, on which are marked in zones the elevations necessary for his guns to reach the different squares. A powerful telescope, working on an arc graduated to correspond accurately with the traverse circles of the guns, enables him to search any part of the harbor, while by means of electric buttons convenient to his hand he can discharge his battery from his position in the tower. Behind him stands his first sergeant, to assist him in his work, and in the adjacent room, protected from shot and shell, the telegraph operators and assistants are waiting for the signal to commence the fight.

Suddenly the heavy silence is broken by the clanging of an electric gong, and everybody takes his place in readiness for the combat. The telegraph instrument clicks the order, "Your target is the battle-ship *Sanspareil*, the second ship in the first echelon." The captain trains his telescope on the vessel indicated, reads the corresponding angle on the arc, and makes the necessary corrections for wind and other deviating causes. From the direction and speed of the vessel he quickly estimates how far she will have gone by the time the guns are ready to be fired, and having made this final correction in the reading of his telescope, he obtains the proper direction to be given the gun in order to hit the ship. In the mean time the observers at the ends of the base-line, at a signal from the commanding officer, take the angles of the vessel, and telegraph them back to the central station. Here they are quickly plotted by the adjutant as shown in the diagram, and he wires to the captain of the battery, "Square 21." The captain looks at his chart for Square 21, reads the elevation marked on it, and sends this elevation, together with the angle described above, to the lieutenants at the guns.

A sharp command is given, and the cannoneers spring to their places, the great guns are swung slowly until the pointers on the carriages are set to the required angle on the traverse-circles and firmly clamped. The gunners mount quickly on the platforms in rear of the pieces, place the sights in their sockets, and give the guns the proper elevation, while the other cannoneers retire to the rear of the casemate, there to await the result of their shots at a target they have never seen. "All ready, sir," is passed back to the captain, who, with his eye at the telescope, presses the button that fires number one. A mighty roar fills the arches of the casemate, and an earthquake seems to be upheaving the floor; but, heedless of it all, the cannoneers spring back to their posts, and begin sponging and loading the piece. The telegraph instrument in the conning-tower clicks again; the observers at the base-ends are sending word, "Your first shot fifty yards short." The captain immediately sends the proper correction in elevation to the gunners, and when this correction is made he fires number two.

If the enemy is wary, he will not attempt to enter the harbor by day, but will wait for some cloudy night, without moon or star, when he can steal in under cover of the darkness and take position for battering the fort. But from sunset until daylight the entrance to the harbor will be watched by the tireless eyes of the electric search-lights on the fort. Their white rays will sweep the water from shore to shore, prying into every cove and inlet. When a ship is found stealing slowly in, the light that discovers it is kept steadily upon the vessel, while a second beam is thrown across the first, and moved along it until it reaches the ship. This points out the vessel to the observers at the base-ends, who, at a given signal, take her angles. The second light is then thrown off her, while under the steady glare of the first the ship stands out a brilliant target for the guns against the darkness of the night.

JOHN E. MCMAHON,
First Lieutenant Second U. S. Artillery, A. D. C.

## BY ADVERTISEMENT.

BY FRANCES McELRATH.

"I'VE about made up my mind I'll answer it," said Hiram Sturdy.

He had deliberated the matter constantly for several days before reaching this decision, and even now he drew the lamp nearer, as if a stronger light might reveal something that had escaped him in his many readings of the fascinating paragraph.

Hiram put conscience into lamp-cleaning as into everything he did. The clear light illumined his honest bronzed face bending intently over the newspaper spread out on the white pine table, and glanced across the barely furnished cabin to the row of bright tins hanging on the wall behind his cook-stove. Through a door opening into the other room of the ranch it made dimly visible his cot-bed spread with a buffalo-robe. Hiram's life was simple, and his wants primitively few.

"If she wasn't so tip-top it would be easier," he muttered. "Young, beautiful, and stylish. Lord! the idea of *me* thinkin' of her! Wants to correspond with a well-to-do ranchman; object, matrimony. Humph! I wonder would she really look at a grizzled homely fellow like me? Women's such queer cattle, you never can tell what they would like. I've seen times when they preferred the homely ones. There's Phil Peters, now, I reckon I ain't worse-featured than him, and he's had two. So I've a mind to try my luck, and I sha'n't be cut up about it if she won't have me, seein' I 'ain't really ever kept company with her. And if she should think well enough of me to come out here, it would be awful nice."

The purple light was creeping over the eastern bad lands as Hiram finished his lengthy, laboriously composed letter.

"I've started out square with her, told her about the wart on the side of my nose, and jest how lonesome it is on a Montana ranch six miles from a neighbor, and what work there is to do, and all," he said, as he put the carefully folded sheets of blue-lined paper in an envelope and addressed it to Miss Julie Raynor, Westville, Ohio.

It was already his customary hour for rising, so he freshened himself with a wash at the pump outside the door, and then cooked some coffee and bacon and potatoes for his breakfast. Then he pulled on his heavy boots, and tramped half a mile up the gentle slope behind the house and opened the irrigating ditch, which sent the water rilling through his acres of sprouting feed-corn. Before noon he rode over to the town road, and put his letter down the slit in the tin cracker-box fastened to a post on the lonely way-side in time for the incoming stage from Deadwood, which stopped that day to take up the mail and carry it on to Belle City.

In a few days a reply came to Hiram's letter. Billy the driver handed it down to him from the box-seat of the stage, and he rode off home with his sturdy heart thumping pretty hard against the envelope in the breast pocket of his red flannel shirt. It was a pink envelope, and emitted a strong odor of musk in the warm contact. Hiram sniffed up the perfume with enjoyment. He hoped that the letter read as sweet as it smelled, and he made one or two conjectures as to its contents. But after a few attempts he modestly gave it up. He never before had received a love-letter, which he supposed this to be, and he felt a certain delicacy in framing one to himself. When he reached the ranch he closed the door on even the intruding prairie before opening his letter.

It was written in a smooth running hand, and its effusive expressions of affection made Hiram blush with happy shamefacedness as he read.

"Sayin' she knows I'm an old dear from the way I wrote, and that she loves me a'ready. Pshaw, now! she can't really mean that. Though 'tain't likely the girl's a liar. She don't mind the wart on my nose either; says she wouldn't care if I had six of them. She's seen enough trouble in life not to care for extremities. What's that? Oh, I reckon she means my nose is an extremity; it certainly does stick out some. No; it's *externals*. That's outside things. She only cares for my good heart. Bless her little heart, she sha'n't see any more trouble if I can help it."

His correspondent wrote that she was a clerk in a dry-goods store and lived with her grandmother in a little cottage on the outskirts of the town. She was glad to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with Hiram, because her grandmother was feeble and would leave her entirely alone when she died.

"Well, now," thought Hiram, "why not have the grandmother come out here too? I'll take care of them both well as not, and it might do the old lady no end of good."

He was for having them both come without further preliminaries, but Julie's next letter said the scheme was impracticable because her grandmother was too aged to make a change, and that they must wait until she died before thinking of marriage.

Hiram responded by return mail to this second letter, and received an early reply. The correspondence soon became the most absorbing as well as the pleasantest feature in his life, and each new letter increased his desire to see Julie Raynor.

The stage came out from town three times a week, and left the mail for the neighboring ranches at the cracker-box station, about which a group of horsemen were usually waiting when it arrived. Hiram took to meeting regularly with them. He did not deny that he had "a girl in the East" when his friends quizzed him about the regular appearance of the pink envelopes, and in his increasing happiness about her he even came out of his customary reservedness concerning his affairs sufficiently to tell them her name, and how he was expecting to soon have her out there. When he galloped home to read his letters in private, he thought with a sort of exultation of how lonely the ranch now was, and how different it would be when Julie's presence filled it.

Julie wrote that she was all ready to marry him as soon as her grandmother died, but must not think of leaving her so long as she required her care; and Hiram's admiration was increased by this praiseworthy devotion. Such a good grandchild was bound to make a good wife, he thought, and he tried not to be very impatient at the delay.

"It seems as if it would almost knock me silly with joy to see her fussin' about the house when I come in," he thought. "Young, beautiful, and stylish! Don't that sound nice? And to think that she's willin' to harness in with a rough old chap like me! It's surely luck."

He thought about Julie all the day as he worked in his fields. He liked to look up suddenly from his task imagining that he heard her coming out to chat awhile. Perhaps she would stand at the door of the cabin and wave her hand when dinner was ready. He resolved to leave the work in front of the house to do at noon-time so that he could see her cheerful form standing there. Every other night he wrote to her, and off nights he read and re-read her letters to him.

Hiram was prosperous. His corn fields yielded well and the grain brought good prices, and his cattle, ranging with a larger outfit up the river, were thriving. He felt himself in a position to enlarge his house, and furnish it properly for his expected wife.

One evening he surprised the Peters family by dropping in at their ranch and spending a whole evening getting the women's ideas of house-furnishings.

Bessie Peters gave him some capable suggestions, though she took it rather to heart that he should have sought a wife in the way he did when there were several nice likely girls in the neighborhood. Hiram never had been looked upon as a marrying man, and, indeed, he led so shy a life that he gave the girls no chance whatever with him.

After this talk he had out carpenters from town, and bought a set of stiff upholstered furniture and a roll of red carpet and a great many other things. By adroit questioning he tried to learn Julie's desires, and then tried to carry them out, for he was determined that she should have everything that she wanted. He often pictured the little house where she lived, and fancied even the appearance of the grandmother. He grew to take a great interest in the old lady, and, in spite of his longing for Julie, felt truly sorry when he heard that she was growing weaker. He sent on money to buy delicacies for her, and wrote that she was to have the best doctor and that he would settle the bill. When Julie's letter came saying that she was no more, a big tear rolled down his rough cheek, and early the next morning he rode thirty miles to Belle City to buy a band of crape to put on his hat. It seemed a proper mark of respect to pay the old lady's memory, and he told the girl in the dry-goods shop that some one very dear, almost a relative, had died. The girl felt very sorry, and made a nice little bow of crape on the side of his felt sombrero.

Julie was to come out to Hiram to be married. She wrote that she preferred doing this, instead of having him go to her, because it was so sad now at Westville since her grandmother's death, and Hiram sent a generous draft to bring her. He told her to buy some good clothes too; he wanted her to keep up her stylish ideas when she was married. He mentally resolved to do all the hard work of the ranch himself. He thought Julie would be likely to sit a great deal of the time in the bay-window that had been put to the sitting-room, where he would be able to see her when he worked near the house. He often had visions of that pretty face looking out at him.

On the whole, he was glad that she was coming to him, for he thought he would rather spend their first few days together on the ranch, and he arranged with Billy to bring her out to a place some distance below the post-box, where there would be no witnesses to their meeting.

From there he would take her over to have a look at the ranch, and then they would go to the Cross-bar Ranch, where a clergyman was stopping, and be married. Afterwards they would drive back home in the moonlight.

"It's nothin' more than fair to give her a good square look at me and the place before marryin' her," thought Hiram. But there was a mixture of pride now with his humility. He thought no woman could reasonably object to the ranch, enlarged and furnished and shining in three coats of white paint as it was, and he had grown more complacent about his own appearance since Julie had admired his tintype. And indeed his honest face was positively handsome with pure happiness as he drove off in his white-topped buckboard, dressed in a new suit of brown velvet corduroy, to fetch his bride.

The stage was early, and Hiram's pulse beat very fast when he saw it approaching in a cloud of dust. After a moment he rubbed his eyes, thinking surely the dust must be interfering with his vision, for he could make out only one passenger in the open stage, a young man, who was up on the front seat with Billy. He appeared to be a very amusing fellow, from the uproarious manner in which Billy was laughing. Hiram could hear him long before the stage came up.

"Whoa," said Billy, and Hiram felt a dizzy sensation rushing through his head.

It was not the fault of the dust. There was only one passenger, and he jumped at once to the ground, flinging a leather satchel before him. Hiram tried to speak, but his tongue had grown stiff and thick all of a sudden.

"Hello, Hi!" said Bill, merrily.

"Hello, Bill!" Hiram managed to answer. "Where's your other passenger?"

"Only had the one."

"I mean the lady you was to stop here with—Miss Raynor."

Billy let out an amused chuckle, and looked at the stranger as if he left that for him to explain.

The young man held out his hand to Hiram with a broad smile. "Is this Mr. Sturdy?" he said. "How do you do? I'll introduce myself. I'm Miss Raynor."

"What do you mean?" asked Hiram, heavily.

"I mean that I'm the Julie you're expecting. But Julian is my real name—Julian Raynor. I've come out to marry you. Ha! ha! ha!"

"It was a hoax all along," cried Billy. "Ha! ha! ha!"

Hiram put his hand to his head in an uncertain way. His wits were not very quick, and it took him several seconds to grasp the situation, to get a full realization of the fact that all his dear plans and hopes had been built upon the flimsy structure of another man's trick, and that the structure had suddenly crumbled and left him without anything. For one moment of overwhelming disappointment he betrayed how keenly he was hurt by the ashen look on his face. Then he collected himself and showed that he was game. He forced his mouth to form a wide white smile, and echoed Billy's words with a mirthless sound: "It was a hoax all along. Ha! ha! ha!"

The young man named Julian laughed too until the water stood in his weak brown eyes. He was slim and undersized, and wore a straggly auburn mustache over his wide thin-lipped mouth.

"I knew you'd think it an awful good joke," he said.

"An awful good joke," said Hiram.

His own words failed him, and he found it a safe refuge from his surging feelings to repeat those of the other two.

"Well, so long!" said Billy, gathering up the reins. He was anxious to get to the crowd at the post-box a mile further on.

"You'll be sure to tell the boys yonder that my girl has come, won't you, Billy?" said Hiram. "And say that I send them all an invite to call on her."

As the stage rattled off he dropped his forced manner, and turned on Julian such a look as a mastiff might give a cur-terrier in his power when he was deliberating whether it would be worth the effort to shake the life out of him.

Julian's face took on a sudden alarm, and the fundamental principle of Hiram's code of fighting, which was that there should be equal odds on both sides, made him turn with a sniff of contempt from the light-framed man.

His change of expression brought a sharp suspicion to Julian's mind that perhaps he wasn't enjoying the joke as much as at first appeared, and he made an involuntary step after the stage.

"Oh, I forgot something," he said, hastily.

Hiram caught him firmly by the arm. "Hold on," he said. "It 'll keep, and I want you to stop along with me for a while till we've had a little more joking together. Oh, I ain't a-goin' to hurt you!" he added, scornfully. "Come along."

He walked a few steps off the road to where his buckboard was waiting, and sat down on the edge of the floor.

Julian stood before him, smiling dubiously.

Hiram eyed him sternly for a few minutes. "You say that it was you who writ all them letters?" he said.

Julian started nervously into an explanation.

"Yes. You see it was this way. I'm clerking in Westville, where it's awful dull for a young gentleman like me. There's hardly any society that one cares for, you know, and I thought I'd have some fun out of advertising as I did. I read a book once about a man playing himself off for a woman, and that gave me the idea. And then you answered, and your letters were so good—all the fellows in the store thought so—so good-natured and kind, you know. And when my vacation-time came, they all dared me to come out West and see you; and so I came. They thought your letters no end of fun."

"Yes, they was no end of fun," assented Hiram, dryly.

"You needn't be troubled about the money you sent," Julian went on, in a quick, propitiatory way, "for I brought it all back to you. Of course I wouldn't joke in any but an honest way."

"Any but an honest way," said Hiram.

The young man found this repetition of his words becoming rather trying. He looked up the road after the stage.

Hiram took his hat off, and quietly removed the band of black crape.

"Then there wasn't any little house just outside the town, nor she didn't have any grandmother," he remarked, very slowly, as if he was trying to rid his mind of each precious detail of his belief.

"Oh, can't you see?" said Julian. "There wasn't any girl at all. I'm her."

Hiram rose from his seat and looked at him quietly. "Young man, that's where you lie," he said.

In spite of the joke, the ideal Julie was Julie still.

Julian looked up the road again. "When does the stage return?" he asked, nervously.

"Not for several months," replied Hiram, pulling the horses into position to start home. "In the mean time you'll come and stop with me. Pitch in your grip, and get in."

Julian hesitated. Hiram's brows were very black. "I believe I'll walk on to where the stage stops for the night," he said.

"Get in that buckboard," said Hiram, with quiet force. "You haven't any need to be scared, for I wouldn't hurt you any more than I would a fly."

Julian obeyed him reluctantly.

Going home Hiram avoided the road and cut across country. The springless buckboard jounced hard over the bumpy sagebrush. Hiram knew that the buckboard could easily stand it, and he hoped that Julian could not. He took a grim delight in the latter's half-uttered expressions of distress as he urged his heavy shires into a canter.

He changed an involuntary groan into a cough as they entered the ranch.

In the middle of the room a table was spread with what he had thought would be his wedding-supper. Mrs. Peters had baked him a large cake for the center, and he had made out the rest of the meal with the choicest canned dainties to be found in Belle City.

"Sit down," he said, huskily, to Julian; and the two men ate the wedding-feast in silence.

A replenished stomach made Julian feel more comfortable. He began to look on this adventure in the light of a novel experience that would be worth relating to the boys when he returned to Westville. He had the reputation there of being a smart young man. He glanced around the gaudy little room with a superior smile of disapproval.

"Who plays the organ—you?" he asked, conversationally.

"That's for you to play," answered Hiram.

"Wish I could, I'm sure, but I don't know how."

Hiram held a knife and fork in either fist, and leaned towards him through them with a grim smile. "You'll larn," he said.

His manner brought back Julian's uncomfortable misgivings as to his host's capacity for appreciating a joke.

"I'm afraid I haven't the time," he said, with a light nervous laugh.

"I reckon that you'll find time," said Hiram. "You writ that you was anxious to larn, so I bought that organ, and an instruction-book along with it. And you're to larn the sewing-machine too, as you writ you wanted to. I've bought some flannel and a pattern for you to make some flannel shirts, *as* you writ you'd love to do, and a new cook-stove and a cook-book, all complete, jest as you wanted. Now you're goin' to work to larn 'em all."

"What a funny chap you are," said Julian, "with your joking!"

"That's what I'm doin'—*jokin'*," said Hiram. "You've had your little joke, now I'm goin' to have mine. I'll start in by showin' you where you'll find the things to red up the dishes with. You said you'd dote on doin' all them things for me."

Julian glanced out of the open door at the surrounding stretches of bare uninhabited country, and saw no way of escaping from the ranch that night. Hiram was standing at the kitchen door waiting to show him where the dish-pan was kept, and he felt impelled to set to work at the dishes. He determined to leave that point out when he related his Montana experiences to his Westville friends.

When dark set in, Hiram opened the bedroom door, and told Julian he might turn in there when he liked. And then he went out of doors, off by himself through his harvested corn, and sat down among the stubble on the dewless ground. There was no need here in the darkness to hide the anguish of the disappointment he was suffering.

"Little woman! little woman!" he groaned to the Julie of his dreams; "when you writ me last month that you wasn't feelin' fust-rate, I was fearful cut up about it, and wondered how I'd get to live if you should get down sick and be took from me. It would have gone hard with me then, sure enough, but it couldn't have been so cruel hard as this."

Hiram stuck unflinchingly to his words. He roused Julian out of a sound slumber before daylight the next morning, and ordered him to make the fire and get breakfast.

"I was meanin' to do such chores for *her* myself," he remarked, "but I reckon you can do them for me."

When he had partaken of the breakfast that Julian in no good humor prepared, he suggested to him that eight o'clock was a good hour to begin his practising on the organ, and that he wanted his dinner at eleven sharp, and his supper at five.

"There's three months' provisions in the pantry, and you'll find a dead calf hangin' on the back door," he said, as he was starting out to his work. At the door he paused. "There's one thing you're *not* to do," he added. "Do you see that bay-window? Well that was built especially for *her*—for me to see her from the front of the house. If you show yourself there, I'll come in and shoot you. Do you hear?"

Julian saw no alternative but to do as Hiram said. The day brought no means of escape, nor the next, nor the next. Hiram watched him like a hawk, and seldom left the ranch; and when he did, took his two horses with him, and Julian did not dare trust himself on the great sea of prairie without a guide. He was very much afraid of Hiram.

One day Phil Peters came to the ranch, and Hiram brought him into the room where his captive was working at the sewing-machine. Phil told about it at the mail station that evening, and several ranchers rode over to see "Hi's Julie," as they called him, at his housewifely labors.

It was inquisitorial torture to Julian, who, like most practical jokers, did not enjoy having the tables turned on himself.

At last he pleaded with Hiram about carrying his joke too far. He said his vacation was up, and that if he did not return at once to Westville he would lose his place in the store.

But Hiram told him that such a nice pert young man readily could get another place, and that he wanted to get his money's worth out of the things he'd bought for him before he let him go.

Julian had raised and shattered the sweetest dream that ever had come into Hiram's hard life, and his wounded feelings found relief in venting themselves in tyranny over the culprit.

He kept him at the ranch for several weeks, until he was heartily tired of his company, and then sent him to town on an errand one day, with careful instructions how to get there.

Julian did not return. Hiram had not expected him to. He found the horse he had loaned him at the livery-stable, and brought it out the first time he went to town.

"He knows some new accomplishments to teach the fellows at his store who had fun off my letters," said Hiram, as he jogged along the road back to the ranch; "he can make a cup of coffee fust-rate, and can fetch a tune or two out of the organ, and I've got six new shirts that I couldn't get into if I tried; and I reckon he won't be quite so smart at playin' jokes as he was. I'm glad he's gone, and to-night I'm goin' straight over to Peters's and ask Bessie by word of mouth to be my wife."

The Peters family were collected in the sitting-room when Hiram called. It was soon evident to them all, from their visitor's unusually smart appearance and preoccupied manner, that he had come on some important errand. As he directed his attention chiefly to Bessie's remarks, Mrs. Peters took the children off to bed and sent Phil, with a knowing look, to shut the chicken-house door.

When they were left alone Hiram gravely studied Bessie's face as she sat twisting her white apron self-consciously.

"Bessie," he said at length, "you've seen my place since I fixed it up, 'ain't you?"

"I think it's awful nice," said Bessie, with a little giggle.

There was another pause.

"Bessie," he began again, "did you ever happen to have a grandmother?"

"Lands! yes, of course!" said Bessie.

"A nice old lady that lived in a little house on the outskirts of town?"

"No, she didn't; she lived along with my aunt Jane in Pelltown, Iowy."

"Did you used to go to see her and—and tend her when she was sick?"

"Indeed I didn't. Aunt Jane did all that. I never went there oftener than I was made, she was so cranky; and she was everlasting coming to stay with us when she wasn't wanted. I mus' say, Hi, you do ask funny questions."

"I jest wanted to know," said Hiram, apologetically. "I suppose you can cook most likely, Bessie?"

"Just drop in to tea some night we know you're coming and try me."

"And can sew on the sewing-machine?"

"Well, I make all my own clothes on it, and run up seams for ma's and the children's."

"And you play on the organ?"

"Well, I should say so! Why, I've took a whole quarter's lessons. Want I should play for you?"

"Oh no, thank you," said Hiram. He rose and stood awkwardly for a moment.

"Guess I'll have to be goin'," he said. "Good-night, Bessie. Say good-night to your ma for me, will you? I feel like I ought to be hung for meanness," he said, as he rode slowly home in the keen thin air across the moon-lighted plains. "But I couldn't do it. Bess knows too much. She'd try to boss me. *She* was only jest goin' to larn all them things, and I planned how I'd sit by and watch her. And when I thought of Bessie trampin' about the house—she'd have had a soft step, I know—doin' the things *she* was to have done, and setting in that bay-window, where I could see her from front of the house, why, my feelin's went plumb down to my boots, and I couldn't have asked her to marry me if I'd been shot for not doin' it."

The white ranch looked very pretty in the quiet moonlight when Hiram reached home, and the little gray cat he had raised from a kitten for Julie came out from the doorway and twisted herself in loving welcome about his legs. Hiram stooped down and took the soft little creature into his arms. He felt quite content with his decision to abide alone.

"I reckon it would be a tough job to find another girl that would equal Julie," he said.

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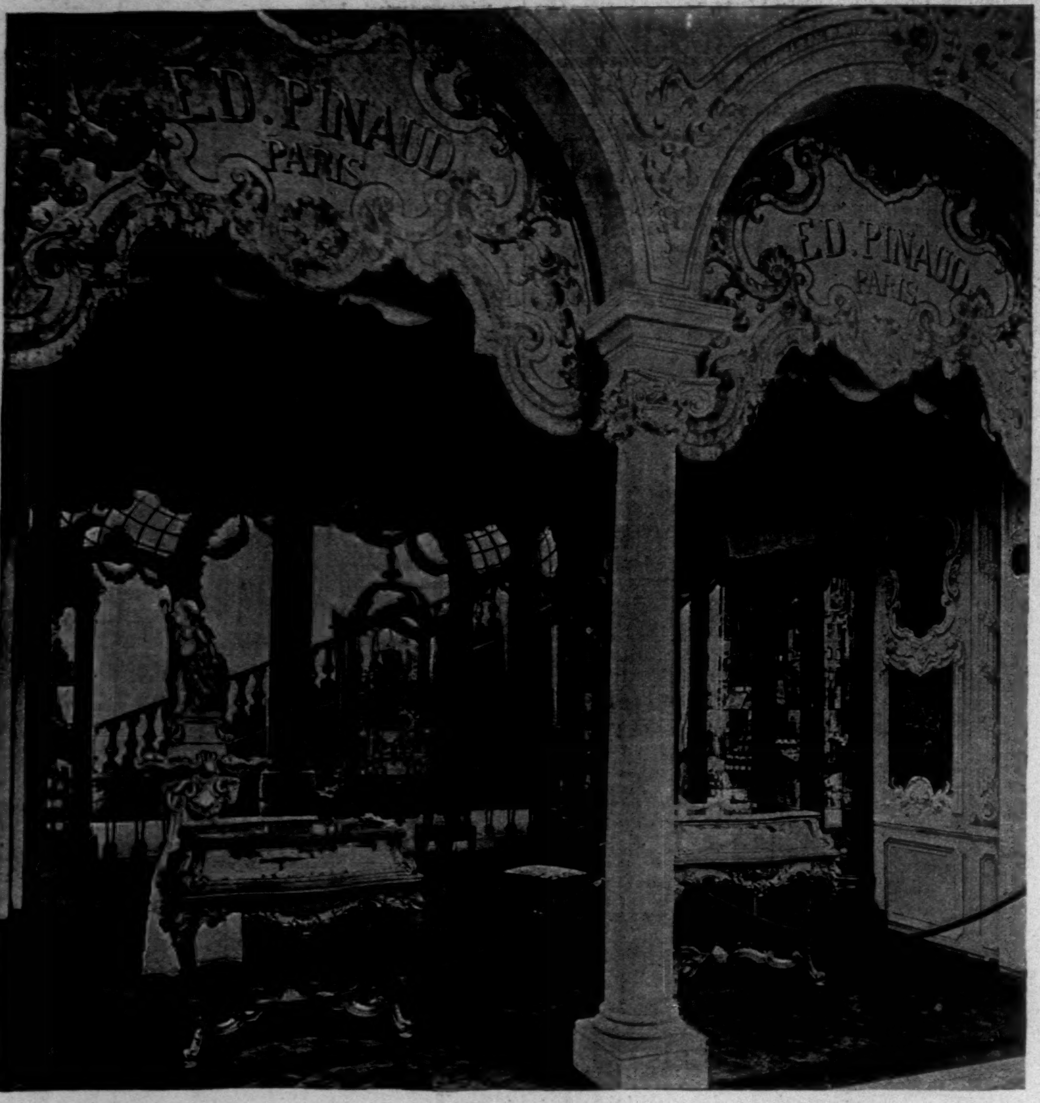

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## THE GOELET, ASTOR, AND MORGAN YACHT CUPS.

IN no year has there been so many handsome cups offered as in this yachting season of 1893, especially as features of the New York Yacht Club cruise. It may almost be said that the inauguration of giving cups in regattas held during the cruise has been responsible for the development of different classes.

Probably so much cannot be proven, but it is a well-known fact that Mr. Ogden Goelet has annually, for the past dozen years, given an immense incentive to the building of new boats by his offers of two such handsome cups. Another instance of what cups have done is seen in the increased interest in the squadron runs from port to port since cups were offered for the boats in each class that first cast anchor in the objective harbor of the day's sail.

It has given new life to the cruise since it became a regular thing. While it is true that yacht designing has made marvellous strides, it is also undeniable that the silversmith has fully kept pace with the great development. These cups were all designed and manufactured by Tiffany & Co., and a more beautiful lot have not been offered yachtsman in any country. How much this cup-designing has improved may be seen at a glance by comparing these with the Cape May and Brenton Reef and Royal Victoria cups, published in HARPER'S WEEKLY last week.

Twenty years ago, when James Gordon Bennett gave the Cape May and Brenton Reef trophies, they were considered very beautiful, but they have become insignificant compared with any of these cups published this week. The Victoria Cup is of comparatively recent manufacture, having been first offered in 1891. If it represents the highest production of England's silversmiths, they would do better in future to come to America for their cups.

The history of the Goelet Cups is virtually a history of the evolution of the present day "racing-machine." Year by year, as the racer has grown from class to class, it has been in the Goelet Cup regatta that the several members of the class have met to decide on the superiority of one. Some have seen the popular standard advance and retreat only to advance again. The ninety-footers to the seventies, down to the forties, and then up again to the forty-sixes, and to take a great leap to the eighty-five footers the present cup-defender class. In the mean while the schooners have remained pretty steadily at between eighty to ninety feet, and the one great race each year for them has been for the Goelet Cup, this event having practically decided the best schooner of the year. Mr. Goelet spends $1500 annually for these handsome trophies, $1000 for the schooner and $500 for the sloop cups. Messrs. Tiffany seem to have outdone themselves this year, especially in the schooner prize, which is a beautifully proportioned shell, forming a graceful bowl, supported by a mermaid, whose form entwined with dolphins partly makes the base. On each side of the shell is a shield, on one of which is "Goelet prize for schooner yachts, 1893." The other is left for the winner's name. Delicately chased laurel wreaths complete the exquisite trophy, which stands 23 inches in height, and weighs 418 ounces.

The Goelet sloop cup is a departure from the conventional idea, being from a design of the old Roman period. Mermaids again figure here, in a less prominent way, forming the border of the shields on each side of the cup. It is 15 inches high, and weighs 232 ounces.

Until this year these were the only cups offered during the New York Yacht Club cruise, with the exception of the squadron run prizes. E. D. Morgan, Commodore of the club, appreciating the wishes of the New-Yorkers unable to follow the cruise or go to Newport for the Goelet Cup races, and recognizing how more completely it would cement the Eastern and Western interests, offered the Commodore Cups for a regatta to be held in cruising trim at the rendezvous off Glen Cove. The success of his undertaking was evident August 7th, when quite a good-sized fleet raced over a 26-knot course, and for the first time a race held at the beginning of the cruise, within easy access of the city, gave every one an opportunity to see the fleet in the Cove and witness some exciting racing.

The Morgan cups are very handsome, both being vases of a strictly classical character. Sea-gods, mermaids, and the like welcoming the victor with blasts from sea-horns; and shells adorn the upper part of the body of one, while palm branches, the conventional Greek water border, and laurel wreaths all tell of a victory on the sea. This vase is 17 inches high, and weighs 129¼ ounces. On the other Venus and cupids hold possession in beautiful *repoussé,* while the laurel branches of victory and ivy of friendship, adorn the graceful handles and neck. This vase is 19¼ inches high, and weighs 92 ounces.

The Astor Cups, which have been given by J. J. Astor, are intended as a graceful offering to the yachtsmen whose sportsmanship has built us four of the fastest yachts that could be designed to defend the *America's* Cup. They are open to the cup-defenders only, I believe, and will be sailed for off Newport August 16th, 17th, and 18th. One is a bowl, completely covered by exquisitely etched sea-weed and shells, 9 inches in height, 17 inches in diameter, and weighing 196 ounces. The other is a loving-cup, but with only two, instead of three, beautifully chased handles; dolphins, shells, and sea-weeds forming the subject for ornamentation. The cup is 15 inches high, and weighs 150 ounces.

Certainly six more beautiful cups were never offered yachtsmen.

## PADEREWSKI.

BY RUTH DANA DRAPER.

THOU hast the sov'reignty of tender thought,
Of maddest passion, of undying grief;
Of resignation that deep woe has bought,
Of doubt and fear, and hope and of belief.

These are thy slaves, serving thy master-hand,
And borne aloft on wings of melody,
Like Ariel, at Prospero's command
To work thy bidding, swiftly they do fly.

The warrior hears Ambition's martial strain,
The tears well forth that rise when lovers part,
And as the moonlight steals across the plain
So peace comes softly to the aching heart.

And to that lonely soul, defiant, grim,
Before whose stolid gaze a dead hope lies,
Thy radiant touch proclaims the angels' hymn:
"Lift up thine eyes! Whence cometh joy
Lift up thine eyes!"

# AMATEVR - SPORT

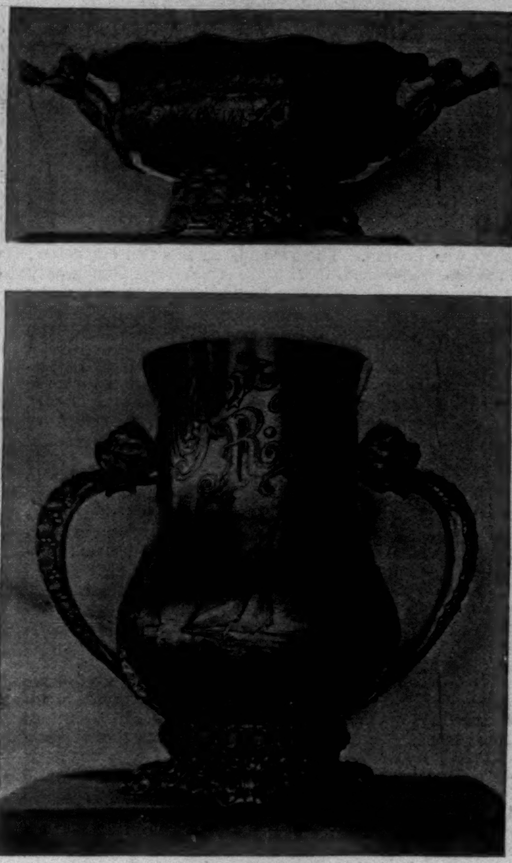
THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FLEET rendezvoused again this year at Glen Cove, Long Island, and added the feature of one day's racing previous to weighing anchor for the cruise proper. Until the last few years New London was the place of rendezvous; but the club committee wisely appreciated how comparatively few of its members, and of New York sportsmen, generally speaking, caught even a glimpse of the most important event of the yachting year, and Glen Cove, which is only about thirty miles from the city, was chosen. Of the very many men that member the New York, Larchmont, Seawanhaka, Corinthian, Atlantic, and American yacht clubs, not ten per cent. are able, from business and one thing and another, to take the time to either follow the cruise or go down to Newport for the races that previous to this year have all been held there. Therefore the Glen Cove rendezvous has been continued in the face of much opposition from a number of the captains, and despite the fitful breezes that prevail on the Sound. The skippers have no love for the sail up the Sound to New London, and the fleet never attains its complement until it has anchored off the Pequot House. This year was no exception.

WHILE THE FLEET AT GLEN COVE numbered upwards of one hundred, sail and steam, it was below the figure reached last year. Some well-known yachts were regrettably absent, and the steamers seemed much fewer than usual. This is easily explained by the financial crisis through which we have been passing, and, indeed, the fact that the fleet was not appreciably lessened to the casual observer bespeaks the hold yachting has on its devotees and the length of the yachtsman's pocket-book. For the first time in the history of the club's latter-day cruises, a race was held at the start for cups offered by Commodore E. D. Morgan, and no cruise of the N. Y. Y. C. began with more éclat, despite the accident to *Vigilant*, which took half the interest from the wonderfully fast sailing of *Colonia*.

EACH SUCCEEDING YACHTING YEAR seems to emphasize the growing restriction of popular interest to the performance of some one or two particular boats. Last year this department called attention to the same fact, and it appears important enough to write of again.

As the day approaches for the New York Yacht Club squadron to concentrate and sail away on its annual cruise, a number of persons, who may be called the "yachting elect," evince a feverish interest in the success or failure of a very few contesting boats. The squadron is a very large one. In fact, it is becoming cumbrous; there are very few harbors large enough to comfortably accommodate two hundred sail, the number of hulls which are usually crowded into Newport Harbor on the night preceding the race for the Goelet cups. Notwithstanding, however, the fine spectacular situations afforded by foam-streaked blue sea, hurrying clouds, graceful hulls, and straining canvas, the real yachting man is a very "Gallio," and cares for none of these things. He knows the comparative racing records of last year's successes, has made a study of their individual idiosyncrasies, and through the winter he has followed up with care the variations in shape and sail plans by which the designers have essayed to evolve a few minutes more speed. Probably, also, in his more enthusiastic moments such a one has yielded to the temptations of futile argument, and backed his choice with money. So it is that the personal interests of a man in *quasi* partnership with a boat are reduced in these recurring events to a small number.

IN 1891 "GLORIANA" was evolved, and the question uppermost was how much she could beat her class. Last year the *Wasp* absorbed all attention, though some little was incidentally doled out to *Lasca* and *Alcæa*, the two new additions to the 90-foot schooner class. It is entirely natural this year that the new 85-footers should occupy the yachting mind, since from among them is to be chosen the defender of the *America's* cup. And while *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Pilgrim*, and *Jubilee* are keeping our attention well occupied, there are nevertheless some other very interesting developments to follow. The racing classes really contain more of interest this year than in any preceding one in my recollection. Aside from the excitement of the races between the cup-defenders, other classes promise good sport. There is the little foreign-built *Queen Mab*, the first centreboarder of her kind and size built in Great Britain for years; there are two new schooners—the *Ariel*, which has started off well, and the *Emerald*, which sailed a fine maiden race and then did poorly in the racing off Glen Cove. Besides this there are *Lasca* and *Alcæa*, which made their first appearance last year, and the former sailed straight through the season without a defeat. The *Alcæa* was a great disappointment in '92, but the overhauling she has had appears to have bettered her to an appreciable degree, since in the Commodore Cup races she ran away from *Lasca* with little difficulty. Then there is the *Dagmar*, which is the famous sloop *Titania* made into a schooner and rechristened. She has given no evidence yet of attaining the fame of other days in her altered rig. Of the old-timers there are the *Constellation*, the fastest schooner of them all, the ocean racers *Coronet* and *Dauntless*, and the *Yampa*, *Mayflower*, *Marguerite*, *Romona*, and the sloops *Katrina*, *Gracie*, *Bedouin*, *Huron*, and *Clara*.



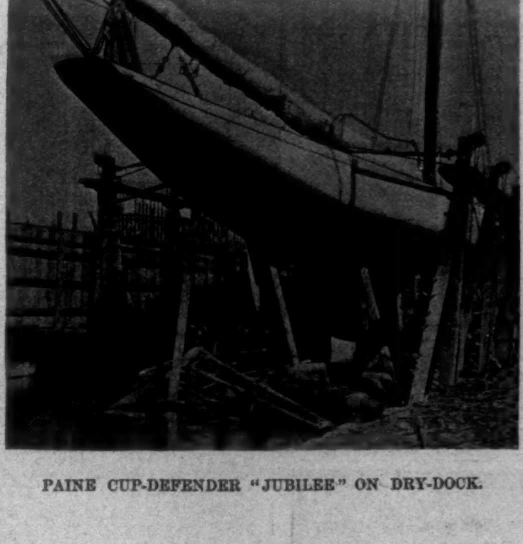
THE ASTOR CUPS FOR SCHOONERS AND SLOOPS.
To be raced for off Newport, August 16-18.—[See Page 800.]

THE FIRST RACES OF THE CRUISE almost invariably contain a surprise, and this year was no exception in the Commodore Cup races off Glen Cove, for *Alcæa* sped along as she had never sailed before. Neither *Emerald*, which was expected to do so much, nor *Lasca*, which last year played with *Alcæa*, was within hailing distance, and Mr. Clark's schooner fairly outsailed every boat in her class. The *Ariel* was well handled and sailed a good race, her sails fitting particularly well. The weather favored *Constellation*, and she went through the water like the wind, though not fast enough to make up *Ariel's* time allowance, and consequently, though crossing the line first of the schooners, lost the cup. The old *Coronet* did well, especially as she split her maintopmast stay-sail. But the *Marguerite* showed the poorest form of two years. She seemed to sulk, and while going under a full spread of canvas her sails appeared of small service. Either the man at her wheel had an off day or the boat has lost her speed. *Emerald's* poor sailing was almost as much of a surprise as the fast work of the *Alcæa*; she made no headway even in the half-gale that blew a greater part of the time.

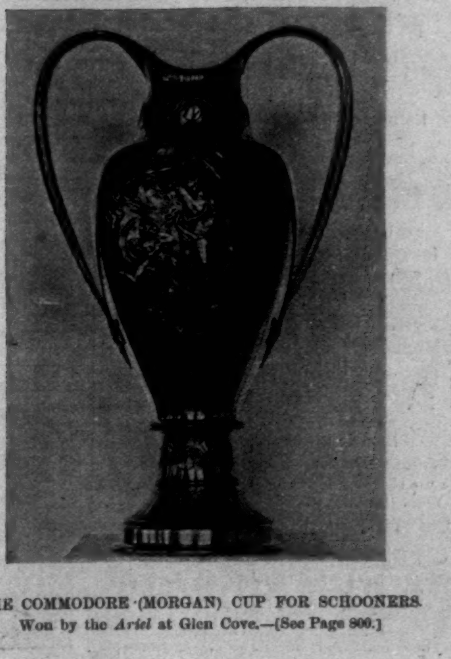
THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF *Colonia* and *Vigilant* in a race was, however, the feature of the Commodore Cup races. There seems little to choose between in their preliminary manœuvring about the Cove. Probably *Colonia* seemed to come about quicker, but nothing of that kind could be asserted under conditions of merely loafing about until the time to start. Their rig is practically the same, and the greater canvas spread of *Vigilant* is not perceptible except in her jib, which is immense. Both had obtained an excellent position when the starting gun was fired from the flagship *May*, but the *Colonia* appeared in no hurry to get under way, her skipper rather taking his time in breaking out her sails. *Vigilant* went over the line with working topsail, balloon jib-topsail, and jib spread to the fitful breeze that was growing stronger and more erratic, and with the water boiling up under her bow. *Colonia* crossed a minute later, under topsail, jib-topsail, and balloon stay-sail. Both boats immediately cut out a pace that has never been equalled before under like conditions, and the *Vigilant* soon overhauled *Queen Mab*, that had crossed before her, and went past as though the English boat was anchored. The *Vigilant* seemed to be going a little faster than the *Colonia*, but making more fuss in going through the water. She seemed too tender, and did not weather the stiff breeze nearly so well as *Colonia*. Twelve minutes after the start *Vigilant* was tearing through the water at a great rate, and her rail under the water, when her bowsprit broke short off and her topmast went overboard. *Colonia* kept on, but her captain profited by *Vigilant's* experience, and took in her jib-topsail. The wind continued puffy though strong all the time, except a short piece on the second leg. It was a reach all the way, and *Colonia* had no opportunity to show what she could do working to windward. The distance was twenty-six

THE GOELET CUPS FOR SCHOONERS AND SLOOPS.
Raced for off Newport, August 11.—[See Page 800.]

THE COMMODORE (MORGAN) CUP FOR SLOOPS.
Won by the *Colonia* at Glen Cove.—[See Page 800.]



PAINE CUP-DEFENDER "JUBILEE" ON DRY-DOCK.



THE COMMODORE (MORGAN) CUP FOR SCHOONERS.
Won by the *Ariel* at Glen Cove.—[See Page 800.]

miles; she sailed in 2 h. 6 m. 39 s., leading the fleet all the way, including *Constellation*, in itself a notable performance.

Although the *Colonia*, notwithstanding the half-gale blowing, failed to develop the fifteen to seventeen knot per hour speed which has been claimed for some of the cup-defenders, she went through the water faster than any boat has ever done in a race under similar conditions. She made the first leg of the triangular course, 12½ knots, in 58 minutes and 38 seconds; the second, of 4 knots, in 21 minutes 20 seconds; and the third, of 9½ knots, in 47 minutes and 26 seconds—the last stretch without her forestay-sail, the leach of which had given away. The *Constellation* beat *Colonia* only 16 seconds on the first leg of 12½ miles, which shows what clever work Mr. Rogers's sloop was doing, for the conditions all favored Mr. Thayer's very fast schooner.

AFTER SUCH A WHOLE-SAIL BREEZE off Glen Cove something good was expected for the run to Morris Cove Tuesday, but the wind flattened out, and the run was nothing more than a drift, fortunately with the tide. The *Colonia*, having no competitor in her class, got under way early, and laid her course for Newport, to take advantage of the extra day in trimming up for the Goelet Cups race. She had no more wind than any of the other boats, but she was not long in moving out of sight, proving that she can drift as well as hold her canvas in a hard blow.

"QUEEN MAB" CROSSED FIRST, and at noon was in the lead of the sloops on the Long Island side, with *Wasp*, *Jessica*, and *Bedouin* following; a little farther back were *Constellation*, *Gracie*, *Hildegarde*, *Dauntless*, *Huron*, *Katrina*, and still farther away was *Emerald*, which was not keeping up her reputation. Along the Connecticut shore *Alcæa* was continuing the good work of the previous day, showing that whatever Mr. Clark has done to her she is immensely improved over last year's form in a drift as well as in a breeze. Following her were *Lasca*, which was gradually being left behind, until late in the afternoon she was quite a mile astern of *Alcæa*, and after her came *Ariel*, the schooner which has been doing such good all-round work. The boats on this shore seemed to have a little more breeze, but the first day's run of the cruise was very slow work, and it was late in the night when many of them finally drifted across the finish-line at Morris Cove. *Alcæa* was the first to drop her anchor, and she came into port nearly ten minutes ahead of *Lasca*. *Constellation* was the third boat over, the *Dauntless* following an hour and a half later, the other large two-stickers—*Yampa*, *Coronet*, *Romona*, and *Brunhilde*—did not finish until the next morning. *Emerald*, *Mayflower*, and *Atlantic* at the last had a race for the third position in their class, which the first secured, and with it the prize. The *Ariel* ran entirely away from *Dagmar*, and finished when the other was not in sight. *Marguerite* did not do very well. The drifting was evidently not to *Queen Mab's* liking, and, to the general astonishment, she was beaten by *Hildegarde*. The winners of Tuesday's run were, schooners, *Constellation*, *Alcæa*, *Ariel*, *Neæra*; sloops—*Huron*, *Hildegarde*, *Eclipse*, *Wasp*.

THE SECOND DAY'S RUN, from Morris Cove to New London, was a great improvement in point of weather. While the wind was not strong enough to get all out of the boats, it was a fair sailing breeze, and doubly appreciated after the calm of the day before. The absence of the *Colonia* and the others of her class left the sloop-racing to the veterans, excepting the imported *Queen Mab*, which has not kept up the speed promised in the race for the Commodore's Cups. She is evidently not a light-breeze boat. *Constellation* sailed a handsome race against *Lasca*. The latter was leading at noon by almost a mile, but the *Constellation* began to overhaul her, and at half past three had passed and was leading *Lasca* and the fleet.

The *Wasp* sailed in her old-time form on this day's run, and led the single-stickers into the New London Harbor. *Alcæa* did not do so well as on the previous two days, and finished well behind. The *Dagmar* on this run did better, and made a close race of it with the *Ariel*, being beaten only a few minutes. *Emerald* was in no better shape than the previous day, and lost to *Lasca* by nearly an hour. *Neæra* continued her good work, and easily won in her class. The *Dauntless* finished second, but about two hours behind *Constellation*; the old *Coronet* was far behind, with *Marguerite* and *Shamrock* for companions. The winners of the run to New London were, schooners, *Constellation*, *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Neæra*; sloops, *Katrina*, *Queen Mab* (easily beating *Clara*), and *Wasp*.

THE GREAT INTEREST OF THE RUN from New London to Newport centred in the race between *Jubilee* and *Vigilant*, it being the first opportunity afforded to judge their comparative merits. In manœuvring before the start the *Jubilee* rather had the better of the *Vigilant*, her skipper showing some clever work, and when the flagship *May* fired her gun, the *Jubilee* went over the line nearly a minute before her rival, and in the windward position. The *Jubilee* caught the breeze, and seemed to move faster than *Vigilant*, though the latter's sails set beautifully, and appeared to draw for every square inch there was in them.

It was a reach from Race Rock to Point Judith, with the wind somewhat fitful and the position of the boats constantly changing. When the wind freshened, the *Jubilee* would increase her lead, and when it flattened out, the *Vigilant* would creep up a bit. Off Watch Hill the *Jubilee* was nearly three-quarters of a mile in the lead. As the boats neared Point Judith, *Jubilee*, still in the lead, took in her staysail and prepared to break out her spinnaker; *Vigilant*, however, held on to her staysail for a quarter of an hour longer, and thus working to the windward of the Boston cup-defender, had her completely blanketed, when, in turn, she broke out her spinnaker. However, the *Jubilee* retained her lead, though the *Vigilant* hung on close to her stern.

This position remained unchanged until off Narragansett Pier, where the *Vigilant* began to draw away, and at Beaver Tail Light was leading *Jubilee* by 150 yards, crossing the finish-line one minute and three seconds ahead.

IN THE OTHER CLASSES *Constellation* had no challenger save the old *Dauntless*, which was left behind by Mr. Thayer's faster schooner. *Lasca* did pretty good work, and, so far as *Alcæa* was concerned, had the day all to herself. The famous *Volunteer* made her first appearance with the fleet, but was no match for the new boats in light airs. It remains to be seen how she will compare with them in a blow. *Ariel* continued to leave her class, and it is a question if she will not be able to make her time allowance on any schooner in the fleet before the cruise is ended. She has proved to be a good mover in all sorts of weather, outside of a dead calm such as existed in the Goelet Cup races. The winners on the run from New London to Newport were schooners *Constellation*, *Fortuna*, *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Neæra*.

In the sloops, outside of *Jubilee* and *Vigilant*, the greatest interest was evinced in how the new fin 46-footer *Carmita* would compare with *Wasp*, last year's champion. But the interest was short-lived, for *Carmita* turned out to be no match for *Wasp*, at least in light air. The winners: *Katrina*, which had quite a struggle with *Huron* before beating her, *Queen Mab*, won on time allowance from *Hildegarde*, *Eclipse*, *Wasp*, *Maraquita*. *Clara* seems to be getting a beating all around. *Marguerite* has not once poked her nose to the front, and the new *Loyal* is not yet up to the little *Neæra*. *Mayflower* holds her own pretty well among the old-timers.

THE GOELET RACES OFF NEWPORT, the ones above all others to which yachtsmen have been looking with great expectations, proved the flattest fizzle of the cruise. Delayed unaccountably at the start by the non-appearance of the flag-ship *May*, the yachts went away with the smallest kind of a breeze, that petered out on the second leg in the run from Sow and Pigs, and became a dead calm at Hen and Chickens. While the fleet was beating about the Brenton Reef Light-ship, waiting for the *May* to set the course signals, *Pilgrim* broke her club topsail, and the regret of her owners and designers was shared by every one of the several hundred yachtsmen on the attendant fleet of steam-yachts, steamboats, and the many curious craft that carried on-lookers, who wanted to see what this much-talked-of boat, with her fine lines, lesser displacement and sail-spread, and deeper draught, could do against the others. Her handlers pluckily set a working topsail, but they got a wretched start, and then tacked off goodness knows where on a hunt for a breeze. Evidently they did not find it, for *Pilgrim* steadily fell to the rear, and at length became lost in the fog, which was more plentiful than wind.

"JUBILEE" AND "VIGILANT," AS AT NEW LONDON, had a manœuvring match at the start, and again the Paine boat got the better of it, though to all but experienced eyes it looked as if the Morgan-Iselin cup-defender had the more desirable position, until she went about, and then the *Jubilee's* advantage was patent to all, by her crossing the *Vigilant's* bow on the wind. The *Colonia* was rather slower in going over the line, and was followed by the *Ildirim*, *Pilgrim* (handicapped), *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Volunteer*, the only schooners that got over in time, the others, *Emerald*, *Marguerite*, *Dagmar*, *Mayflower*, and *Alcæa* all being handicapped. The schooners got away poorly—in fact, the starting of all save *Jubilee*, *Vigilant*, and *Colonia* was not very creditable, though the light air of course had a great deal to do with it. The three cup-defenders rapidly (comparatively speaking, for nothing was rapid on that day of doldrums) drew away, and the attending fleet of spectators went with them, no one ap-

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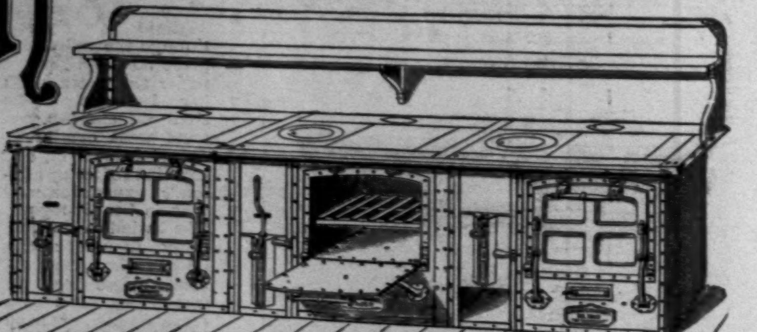

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parently having any interest in the schooners, no matter how good they happened to be.

The story of the race is easily and quickly told. *Jubilee* maintained her lead on the *Vigilant*, increasing a little, and both continued to draw away from the *Colonia*, which seemed not to get whatever little air was stirring so quickly as the other two. There were times on the first leg when the run from New London was duplicated, *i. e.*, *Jubilee* would pick up and widen the distance between her and *Vigilant*, and then the latter would crawl up.

BUT ONE FACT WAS APPARENT to every yachtsman watching the three boats, namely, that certainly in light airs the *Jubilee* points higher and foots faster than either of the Herreshoff boats. She stood up in the wind in a manner no sloop has ever excelled, and she did not spill enough of it out of her sails to blow a feather outboard. Compared with her, *Vigilant* fell away considerably, while *Colonia*, in her position at the rear, seemed to hold her grip on the air. *Colonia*, however, continued to fall back, and when the course to the Sow and Pigs Light was about three-quarters run she was lost in the fog, which would shut the fleet in for some minutes, to open again in front shortly, and not seen until the light was reached. Then she loomed up in a much nearer position to the leaders, and seemed to get more breeze by the way she was moving. *Vigilant* also had decreased *Jubilee's* lead a very little, and went around the mark three minutes and forty-five seconds after her, *Jubilee* losing time when she squared away for Hen and Chickens, by the failure of her balloon jib-topsail to break out, to say nothing of the spinnaker, which likewise did not come out clean. The balloon jib-topsail had to be hauled down and righted, and in the mean time *Vigilant* was having a little trouble with her spinnaker, though the topsail broke out well. The *Colonia* rounded the mark five minutes after *Vigilant*, and broke out her sails the best of the three.

THE WIND DIED OUT COMPLETELY on the run to Hen and Chickens, and it took one hour and twenty-three minutes to cover this leg of four miles. *Vigilant* continued to draw up on *Jubilee*, while the *Colonia* fell away a little. The Morgan boat is unquestionably the best drifter. *Colonia* took in her spinnaker, and all followed suit; her sails, by-the-way, set beautifully—the best of all the cup-defenders. They all drifted on towards Hen and Chickens Light, where *Vigilant* had crept up to one hundred yards of *Jubilee*. When the Paine boat rounded the mark, she came to a standstill, and *Vigilant* turning inside of her, came up even and blanketed her. Here they lay drifting, *Vigilant's* Tobin bronze bottom seemingly enabling her to slide along without wind. *Jubilee* anchored, while *Vigilant* and *Colonia* kept up their efforts to make headway against the tide. About ten o'clock *Colonia* seemed to catch a little wind, and moving up passed *Jubilee*, whereupon the Paine boat weighed anchor, and the drifting match began once again. *Colonia* finally finished at 1.28 Saturday morning, ten minutes before *Vigilant*, the *Jubilee* crossing the line at 2.18.35.

As for the schooners, the old *Volunteer* proved she was not, after all, out of it with the new boats in a drifting match. She maintained her lead throughout, and finished at 5.14.22 in the morning, six minutes ahead of *Lasca*, and nearly an hour and a half before *Alcæa*. The other schooners gave it up long before. Nat Herreshoff had the wheel of the *Vigilant* throughout the race, while John Paine steered the *Jubilee* a good bit of the time. Thus ended, probably, the most unsatisfactory Goelet Cup race ever sailed. The only lesson of the tiresome day was to emphasize the necessity of putting a time limit on all yacht races. As a test of the cup-defenders' sailing qualities the event was absolutely valueless, save to show *Jubilee's* superior wind-work in light airs.

*Volunteer*, as a sloop, won the Goelet Cup in '87, '89, and '90, and as a schooner in '91 and '93.

IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE NATIONAL ROWING REGATTA last Wednesday and Thursday, Detroit proclaimed itself worthy of serious consideration as a permanent place for these races. Nothing was left undone that could add to the comfort and convenience of the oarsmen, and the promptness of the events delighted contestants and spectators alike. The regatta itself was very successful from the stand-point of the number of entries and the closeness of the races. Only two events occurred to mar the sport—one in the trial heats of the senior four-oared-shell race of a mile and a half with turn, when the Wyandotte crew mistook the finish flag and stopped short, and the other in the finals of the same race, when the New York Athletic Club four fouled the Minnesota's, and were disqualified. The first accident was of little import, as later racing proved the Wyandottes to be in too fast company; but in the foul the New Yorks probably lost the race, as they beat all of the same crews an hour later in the mile-and-a-half straightaway. This race demonstrated what has so often been claimed, that turns in four-oared racing are to be discountenanced as tending to bring in too much of the chance element, when all should be contested on merit purely. The poor steering of the New Yorks in making the foul could largely be explained by the strong wind which kept setting them in toward shore and their opponents' course; but the trouble lay primarily in not getting straight after the turn, and too strong a protest against adhering to this unfair method cannot be entered. Another point where the rules of the association proved weak was brought out in the eight-oar senior race. Here the Atalantas won a "walk-over" race, having no opponents. In order to make a race possible they entered two crews from their club, and then brought but one to the starting-point, the other having been defeated previously by the Dauntless in the intermediate eight. A rule should be passed forbidding a club entering two crews in the same event, and then in case of no other entry the championship would have to go over from the previous year. The justice of this is more apparent when it is considered that the Atalanta's time was about twenty seconds slower than the Dauntless, who were prohibited from entering by not having made their entry early enough.

THE MOST PLEASING FEATURE of the regatta to sportsmen, however, was the noticeable improvement in the class of entries. There was but one protest against contestants, and this cannot in all probability be sustained, and the men, as a rule, conducted themselves as gentlemen, and added a dignity to the sport that was gratifying.

A continued improvement in the same line will place amateur rowing here in the foremost rank of amateur sport, and we may hope in time to see the Henley regattas rivalled in those held under the auspices of our own associations.

Another matter for congratulation was the failure of the so-called "git-thar" stroke against slower and more finished oarsmanship. The most notable instance of this was the four-oared rowing, where the better work and more even form of the New Yorks and Minnesotas put them in the lead over their heavier and stronger opponents. The Dauntless eight also showed far improved form over the usual style of amateur rowing, and reflected great credit on themselves for their faithful work in attaining it.

All this goes to show that the standard is being raised, and that in future years we may look for amateur crews which compare favorably for workmanship with our college oarsmen. It is in the hope that the Association will take a friendly hint and guard the amateur standard more zealously in the future that I refrain from criticising the acceptance of at least two of the entries. It is being proved every day that the cleaner sport is kept the more assured is its success. *Verb. sap.* The winners were:

Senior Singles.—John J. Ryan, Sunnysides, Toronto, won. Time—10:24¼. W. S. S. McDonnell, Iroquois, Chicago, second; James Henderson, Catlins, Chicago, third; Edwin Hedley, Passaics, Newark, N. J., fourth; Joseph Wright, Torontos, fifth.

Junior Singles.—W. E. F. Paine, Argonauts, Toronto, won. Time—10.35¼. John H. Hall, Albany, N. Y., second. Time—10.50. Alfred Jury, Torontos, third; Alfred Russell, Torontos, fourth.

Double Sculls.—Stars, Buffalo—John Gray, bow; Robert Curran, stroke, won. Time—9.44¼. Vespers of Philadelphia, second. Time—9.50. Pawtuckets third; Columbias of Allegheny fourth.

Senior Fours.—Wyandottes and New York Athletic Club disqualified for fouling; Argonauts and Minnesotas ordered to row over.

Junior Fours.—Wyandottes—James Bryan, bow; James Sweeney, 2; Warren Girardin, 3; Henry Weatherwax, stroke—won. Time—9.23¼. Mutuals of Detroit second. Time—9.28. Torontos third.

Senior Pairs.—Detroits—Fred Standish, bow; Frank A. Lyon, stroke—won. Time—10.05. Torontos second. Time—10.21. Iroquois of Chicago third.

Senior Eights—Atalantas of New York rowed over the course. Time—7.55 4-5.

International Fours.—New York Athletic Club—W. H. Pinckney, bow; F. H. Howard, 2; A. L. Clark, 3; J. R. Crawford, stroke—won. Time—8.07. Minnesotas of St. Paul second; Argonauts of Toronto third; Atlantics of Hoboken fourth.

YACHTING TAKES SO MUCH SPACE there is little left for comment on the tennis week, which has really held nothing notable save the defeat of Hobart by Budlong and of E. L. Hall by a second-class player, and the brilliant playing of Chace in his victory over Wrenn. While Budlong has made great improvement, not much importance can be attached to his win over Hobart; the latter is evidently stale and should rest, for he can ill afford to go off at this late day. Chace is showing the best form of his career. E. L. Hall gives no promise of regaining his form. Hovey, Knapp, Larned, and Stevens have been getting good practice.

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